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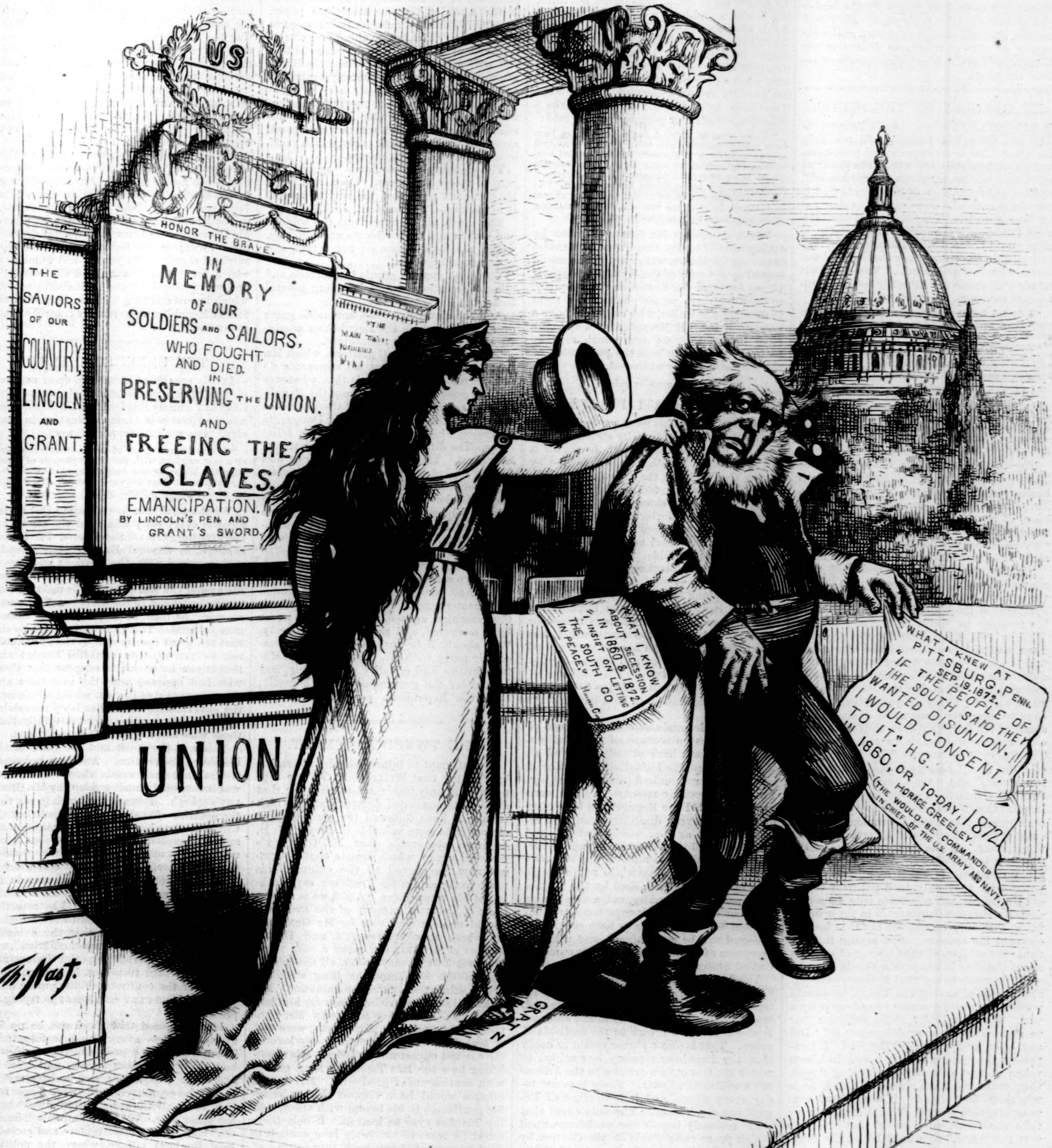

US
HONOR THE BRAVE.
IN MEMORY OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, WHO FOUGHT AND DIED IN PRESERVING THE UNION. AND FREEING THE SLAVES.
EMANCIPATION. BY LINCOLN'S PEN AND GRANT'S SWORD.
THE SAVIORS OF OUR COUNTRY, LINCOLN AND GRANT.
UNION
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT SECESSION IN 1860 & 1872. "I INSIST ON LETTING THE SOUTH GO IN PEACE." Horace G
WHAT I KNEW AT PITTSBURG, PENN. SEP. 19. 1872. "IF THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH SAID THEY WANTED DISUNION, I WOULD CONSENT TO IT." H.G. IN 1860, OR TO-DAY, 1872 HORACE GREELEY. (THE WOULD-BE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE U.S. ARMY AND NAVY.)
GRANT
Th: Nast.

MORE SECESSION CONSPIRACY.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. "Do you want another Uprising of the North—a still Bloodier Chasm—more Widows, Orphans, and Cripples, and another National Debt, you Whited Sepulchre?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 12, 1872.

ROBINSON'S NEW NOVEL.

☞ *With the next Number of* Harper's Weekly *will be sent out gratuitously an* Eight-page Supplement, *containing the opening chapters of a new Novel by* F. W. Robinson, *author of* "*A Girl's Romance,*" "*For Her Sake,*" "*A Bridge of Glass,*" "*Mattie: A Stray,*" "*No Man's Friend,*" "*Poor Humanity,*" "*Stern Necessity,*" "*True to Herself,*" *etc., etc., entitled*

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY."

The heroine is a young and beautiful girl, gifted with a charming voice and fascinating grace of manner, whose father, a poor London clerk, has been imprisoned for a defalcation, and whose elder sister returns home from a foreign land to find that she has taken to the stage. The search for her, described with great pathos, makes the opening of a story which the readers of the Weekly *will find to be one of extraordinary interest and power.*

MR. GREELEY ON THE STUMP.

MR. GREELEY'S speeches in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana will not help his cause. He is an experienced politician, and he understands the art of the political platform; but no man can escape himself, and the public opinion of Mr. Greeley's fitness for the office he seeks can not be changed by these speeches. They show that upon the most vital political question of the war he is either not in accord with the principles that prevailed in the struggle, or that he does not know what he does think. These are his words at Pittsburg. Alluding to the beginning of secession, he says:

> "I denied that the great majority of the Southern people were against the Union. I demanded that there should be an open, free discussion, that Southern people might have an honest, unterrified, unconstrained vote, and, if they approved, if the people of the South said they wanted disunion, I would consent to it. I knew they would not."

And he continues:

> "And now, to-day, if the nation were to be imperiled, and there were just two modes of saving it—to trust the chances of civil war or the chances of a free vote of the Southern people—I would very greatly prefer to take the latter chance rather than the former."

The first statement is exactly that of Davis and the secession leaders. Their States, they said, solemnly voted to secede. Mr. Greeley's opinion, that if there had been an open and free election they would not have done so, is a mere theory. It is very clear that the dominant opinion of the seceding States was in favor of secession.

"If the people of the South said they wanted disunion, I would consent to it." Is the man who says that the man to be made President of the United States in 1872? In his message as Mayor of the city of New York, in 1861, Fernando Wood suggested, upon similar grounds, that the city might find it wise to secede from the State. It is a doctrine which is subversive of all political society. What is "the South" except an opinion? There is no section of the country properly known as such, and to speak as Mr. Greeley does, as if it expressed a certain district, is to talk nonsense. The theory is as true of "the North," and of "the East," and "the West," and "the Northwest," and "the Centre," as of "the South." Then the remark becomes a declaration that if the people of any part of the country said they wanted disunion, he would consent to it. Very well; a State is part of the country. If the doctrine is true of six States, it is true of one. And it is therefore a plain statement that if a majority of the voters—for they only, in a political sense, are the people—in any State vote for secession, Mr. Horace Greeley is in favor of it; for at Pittsburg he did not say that he had changed his opinion. And saying this, he flouts the soldiers of the Union, and prattles about clasping hands over a bloody chasm.

He proceeds to say that if there were but two modes of saving the Union, he should prefer to save it by a vote to saving it by a war. Who wouldn't? Who prefers a war to a vote? Who ever did prefer it? Did any body prefer it in 1860 or '61? He expresses the opinion that if a vote had been taken at that time in the seceding States, they would not have seceded. But if he is mistaken, how then? If a majority vote to secede, then what? Would Mr. Greeley take the result as a proof that the vote was not "free," or would he let the State go? Now mark the evasion, mark what certainly seems like duplicity. He first says that if "the people"—that is, the majority—said that they wanted disunion, he would consent to it. But he then adds, if there were but two modes of saving the Union, a vote or a war, I should prefer the vote. Yet if the vote were for secession, it would not, of course, be a mode of saving the Union, and therefore he would resort to war. That is to say, having declared that if a State voted to secede he would consent, he further declares that as secession would not save the Union, when he had ascertained that the people wished to secede, he would make war to force them to remain. How heartily the clear-headed and consistent secessionists must despise their blundering apologist!

If Mr Greeley's views in his Pittsburg speech are correct, there is no Union. The whole nation is at the mercy of any handful of malcontents. If the vote of "the people of the South" may dissolve the Union, so may the vote of any State, and of any county in any State. This speech was, of course, most carefully considered. It was intended to show his position upon an essential question, and there is no doubt of the significance of the words Mr. Greeley used. But at Cincinnati he recalled every thing he had said. Of course his assertion that he did not think the States would have seceded had they had a fair election was of no importance, because he had conceded that the secession of a State might be determined by a vote. But the moment his speech was printed every body saw what we are now saying; and therefore, an evening or two afterward, he called the inevitable interpretation of his remarks a misrepresentation or perversion. He said:

> "Those remarks which I made last evening have been misrepresented, have been, I think, perverted into an expression of a present belief, a present conviction, that any State has a right to dissolve this Union at its own good pleasure. Fellow-citizens, I utterly repudiate and condemn that sentiment. I do not believe that one State, or that ten States, or that even a majority of all the States, have a moral, legal, or Constitutional right to dissolve our Union."

What, then, does Mr. Greeley mean by saying that if to-day there were two modes of saving the Union, war or voting, he would appeal to a "vote of the Southern people?" If one State, or ten States, or "the South," or "the Southern people" have not a right to dissolve the Union, why would he have a vote upon it? If Mr. Greeley's speeches have helped him, we very much mistake both the patriotism and the perception of the people whom he addressed.

THE CINCINNATI PLATFORM.

Mr. Greeley in his recent speeches complains that he is personally slandered, but that the platform upon which he stands is not discussed. Whether he is slandered by saying that he holds the views upon which secession was attempted we elsewhere consider. Whether he slanders the Republican party in virtually declaring its policy to be one of hate—a policy of which he was one of the most strenuous advocates—his own conscience must decide. Let us now, however, discuss the platform upon which he stands.

Its first plank is a declaration of the principles of equality, which the Republicans have always believed and have placed in the law, and which the party which has nominated Mr. Greeley has always despised and opposed, and hates and opposes to-day in the Southern States.

The second plank is a pledge to do what the Republicans are doing and have always done.

The third demands immediate removal of all disabilities on account of the rebellion. The Republicans have already removed all of them, except the ineligibility to office of some one or two hundred persons whose perjury was especially monstrous. The same spirit which led the Republicans to declare in 1868 that every disability would be removed as fast as they wisely could be, and which inspired the President to urge general amnesty, will soon remove this last relic of the rebellion. Meanwhile not a single drop of blood has been shed by the Republican party as a penalty, not a single man has been exiled; no revenge has been taken; but equal rights have been secured to all—and will be maintained—and with the exception of the ineligibility the laws of the United States are every where equal.

The fourth plank asserts the advantage of "local self-government." The phrase is intentionally vague, but, properly understood, it is something that all Americans approve. It also demands a return to the methods of peace. That is also a phrase meant to imply that the Republican policy is warlike, to which Mr. Greeley's articles in the *Tribune* are a sufficient answer. There is peace today every where, and it is because of Republican ascendency. The only event that could seriously impair the confidence upon which peace rests would be the election by the Democratic party of a President holding Mr. Greeley's theory of the Union.

The fifth plank demands civil service reform, which is declared to begin in one term for the President. This is no principle: it is a shallow cry. It assumes that the only motive to the abuse of the patronage is reelection. This is, however, but one motive among many. The plank shows that the real evil of the civil service system was not comprehended by those who made it; and its sincerity is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that Mr. Greeley declared at Portland his faith in the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils.

The sixth plank remits the question of protection to the people, and binds the President to disregard his oath of office. It is the most absurd declaration ever seriously made by intelligent men. For every question is necessarily remitted to the people. The substance of the plank is that, whether Congress passes a prohibitory tariff or enacts free trade, the President will not veto it. While the truth is that the President is made by the Constitution, through the veto, a part of the Legislature, and, as President, is constitutionally bound to recommend measures which he believes to be useful to the public welfare. The Parsee letters in the *World* humorously riddled this plank before the Baltimore Convention made it the faith of that conscientious paper. How the *World* must ache for the moment to arrive when, "kicking up ahind and afore," it can shout and sing, "I told you so! I told you so!" after the defeat of the candidate whom we all know it so honestly, zealously, and cheerfully supports!

The seventh plank denounces repudiation, which is impossible under Republican administration, and which was never proposed except by the Democratic party, which vociferously adopted this platform.

The eighth plank demands "speedy" return to specie payments. Upon this point Mr. Greeley says that the way to resume is to resume—For President, Jack Bunsby.

The ninth plank remembers the soldiers and sailors and their widows and children, whom the Republicans do not forget, and have never forgotten.

The tenth opposes grants to railroads and other corporations, which is a very general feeling.

And the eleventh wishes honorable peace every where, which the Republican administration has signally maintained.

This is the Cincinnati platform, which Mr. Greeley complains that his opponents do not discuss. The reason is that whatever there is good in it is taken from the Republican principle and policy, and therefore does not require the restoration of the Democrats to secure, while all the rest is merely fallacious. The difference between the platforms is evident. They are both professions, and that of Philadelphia is much more satisfactory upon the cardinal points. But behind one profession is the great mass of those who have established justice and equality, and who have, upon the whole, faithfully maintained them. Behind the other profession is the mass of those who have always hated and opposed equality, and who introduced, and have steadily observed, the spoils system. And the question which this simple statement suggests was the one with which the campaign opened, and which has never been answered, and never can be, namely, Why should it be supposed that the Democratic party with Mr. Greeley will maintain justice and equality more surely, and administer the government more honestly, than the Republican party and General Grant?

THE TWEED ARGUMENT.

The attempt to injure the Administration by showing that William M. Tweed supports it is only important as showing that despite the universal demoralization which is said to have followed the war, personal character is more valuable than ever It is, however, observable that Mr. Greeley's personal organ, which insists that Tweed has now transferred all the odium of his name to the side of the President, says nothing of his accomplices. And here is a question: if Tweed's support of the President should make a man vote for Mr. Greeley, for whom should Sweeny's and Hall's support of Mr. Greeley make a man vote? Whoever Tweed may prefer, all the henchmen of the old Tammany Ring were the first to salute the Greeley nomination. Mr. Oakey Hall was writing songs for him last May. Mr. Algernon Sullivan, Mr. Fellowes, Mr. Creamer, Mr. Genet, were full of zeal for Greeley and brotherly love at the earliest opportunity. Indeed, it is astonishing how the late Tammany Ring gushes with sentiments of good-will. Mr. Joseph Surface would have clasped these admirable gentlemen to his bosom with ardor, rolling his fine eyes to heaven. If only there could be tears of brotherly love enough to float our erring sisters back into control of the government, how happy Mr. Fernando Wood, and Mr. Genet, and Mr. Sweeny, and Mr. Oakey Hall, and Mr. Algernon Sullivan, and the other well-known brotherly lovers would be?

But it is a good sign when it is thought that the support of a man like Tweed injures a political candidate. Indeed, we doubt if there was ever a time when good character was more serviceable in politics. If charges could be justly brought against any member of the President's cabinet such as are now known to have been true when urged against some illustrious members of the earlier cabinets, the Administration would be most seriously damaged. Yet little can be made of the support of the President by Tweed, even if it be true, and for the plain reason that such a person belongs neither by principle, tradition, sympathy, taste, nor association with the Republican party, and represents no influence in the policy of its Administration. What is Tweed against the whole Tammany following? What is Tweed as against the mass of the Democratic party, which Mr. Greeley assures us naturally attracts all the dangerous classes in society? And the *World* proudly hastened to assert that the meeting in the city of New York showed how undivided were the party in support of the nomination of Mr Greeley at Baltimore, which the same admirable paper declared in May was the one thing that would certainly secure the re-election of General Grant. The class to which Tweed naturally belongs did not hesitate to declare for Mr. Greeley. The better men among the Democrats, Mr. Thurman, Mr. Bayard, and others, accepted him under protest. Mr. O'Conor rejects him peremptorily. But the Ring could not huzza soon enough nor loud enough.

If Tweed really does mean to vote for the President, and is not in prison upon election-day, it can not be helped. But it is edifying to see those who easily swallow the whole Democratic party and all its tendencies, methods, and influences straining at a single Democrat, whatever his personal character. Tweed is the natural growth of the spirit of contempt for justice and humanity which for so long demoralized the country, and was fostered by the Democratic party, which is now striving, with the help of some former Republicans, to recover control of the government.

THE UNION SOLDIERS.

In his speech at Pittsburg, upon one aspect of which we comment elsewhere, Mr. Greeley grossly insulted the Union soldiers who had just held their Convention in that city. His words, as reported, are:

> "A very large number of men were collected here at a vast expense, with the single purpose of rekindling the bitterness and hatred, the animosities and antipathies, the fears and exultations of civil war for the advantage of a political party."

What a total misrepresentation this statement is every body who read the report of the Pittsburg Convention knows. The Union soldiers, as General Hawley has already said, received with the warmest welcome a letter from their former Southern antagonists; and the real point of the meeting was carefully defined in the speeches. There was no word, no tone, no implication of bitterness or hate. The Convention met to say that the great results won by the war should not be intrusted to doubtful hands; and that it saw no reason to suppose that those who had opposed both the principles and the prosecution of the war would administer the government, which has been remodeled upon those principles, more faithfully than those who had always maintained them.

This was the spirit and the voice of the Pittsburg Convention. And how necessary it was that such words should be spoken was immediately made evident by Mr. Greeley's speech. It is not too much to say that the doctrine of that speech implied that the Union soldiers had fought in a wanton war; and the explanations which he has since made do not affect the necessary impression of words carefully considered and uttered. The most that the explanation can do for Mr. Greeley is to show that he does not understand his own views. The assertion that to allude to the war is to rekindle bitterness and hatred, and that the evidence of a sincere desire of "reconciliation" will be found in permitting the Democratic party to return to power, is but an illustration of the confusion of the public mind which the Greeley movement is trying to produce.

Is it supposed that there can be no forgiveness unless every thing is forgotten? There was never a people in the world who had so little vindictiveness, and were so averse to antipathies and animosities, as those who conquered in the war. These feelings, as we all know, have been always upon the other side. We have known a "Southern" man, in the most remote and secluded New England village, where the political sentiment was virtually unanimous, say to the villagers that if one of them, whom he mentioned, could be caught in "the South," he would swing upon the next tree. And the Northern men, although they knew that it was true, did not harm the insulter. Rancor, bitterness, and hate have never characterized the Northern part of the country, and Mr. Greeley grossly maligns us all when he says that the soldiers met at Pittsburg to revive hostility toward "the South."

Indeed, the guilt of such remarks is but too plain. Mr. Greeley says that the soldiers rekindle hate for a party purpose. And he, for a party purpose, declares that his Republican fellow-citizens in the Northern States refuse reconciliation. He thereby justifies and excites in the minds of our Southern fellow-citizens the hostile feelings which, where they exist, all honorable men seek to allay. There is no more pernicious mischief-maker than the man who asserts that there is a revengeful disposition among loyal citizens, and Mr. Greeley declares this to be the feeling of the especial representatives of loyal citizens—the Union soldiers. It is a monstrous slander. They assembled to take care that what they achieved should not be sacrificed by the truck and dicker of scheming politicians. The late soldiers of the lost cause know very well, and by constant and pleasant experience, that they have no more honorable fellow-citizens than their opponents in the field. It is not, however, to such men in the Southern States, it is to those who cherish the bitterness of regret, that such remarks as those of Mr. Greeley are addressed.

In fact, he does the very thing that he charges upon the Union soldiers. He would persuade those who know no better that this is a campaign between hate of "the South" and a desire of reconciliation.

The falsity and folly of such a statement are known in this part of the country; and we assure the Southern opponents of the Republican party that they make a fatal mistake in supposing that Mr. Greeley truly represents in his remarks the feeling of those who support General Grant. Among the most honorable of his supporters is General Garfield, of Ohio. In his speech to the soldiers at the Pittsburg Convention he expressed the feeling of every generous Union soldier and civilian in saying:

> "Why am I unwilling to give up and retire as a soldier? For this reason: because after the battle of war comes the battle of history. Whose ideas shall prevail? Those you fought for, or the ideas of those you conquered? What you and I fought for we are willing to live for the rest of our lives, and stand by until we see them crystallized in the history of our country. [Great applause, and cries of "Good!"] Nor are we ready to retire until the great principles for which our armies fought are lifted up into the serene and eternal firmament, and blaze for ever and ever." [Tremendous cheers.]

RECONCILIATION.

It will be observed that the Cincinnati platform, which we discuss elsewhere in these columns, does not mention what is called "reconciliation." Yet "reconciliation" is the staple of all the Democratic speeches. It was suggested for this occasion by Mr. Greeley's "Let us clasp hands over the bloody chasm," but it has been the Democratic cry from the beginning of the war and from the opening of the antislavery movement. When the Democratic party was in power it denounced the discussion of slavery as incendiary and unfraternal. It was entirely brotherly to steal a man's manhood from him, to hunt him like a deer and sell him like a hog, to separate him forever from wife and child, and to scourge and torture him for attempting to do what our fathers did at Bunker Hill. But to object to all this was, in the Democratic view, unchristian, and wickedly tended to fratricidal strife. The old Democratic policy of conciliation was to look on this spectacle and blandly pretend not to see it.

And so step by step, as the emancipation of the colored race and its establishment in equal political and civil rights have proceeded, we have been saluted with the same cry of reconciliation. To conciliate, in the Democratic view, is to let them have the power. The policy of hate, according to Mr. Greeley and Mr. Sumner, is Republican rule. Reconciliation is Democratic restoration. Mr. Greeley in Ohio, and Mr. Kernan in New York, are busily demanding "the restoration of friendly relations between the North and South." Every thoughtful man wishes it. But every such man sees that such complete restoration is not to be expected until all hope of undoing what has been done disappears from the "unreconstructed" mind. And that is simply impossible so long as the Democratic party, which is but another name for the political "South," remains organized and threatening and opposed to the general sentiment of "the North." The Republican measures of reconstruction were indispensable to peace. They were warmly supported by those Republicans who now call for "reconciliation." Every hard point of them has been softened as the situation permitted, until now nothing whatever remains except the ineligibility.

The situation in the Southern States, where it is unhappy, is due mainly to ignorance and corruption. They are a necessary and melancholy result in a region where all the consequences of civil war are added to the horrible demoralization of slavery. To say that the Republican policy or the Republican administration has directly fostered these consequences, or that the President can be justly held responsible for them, is as false and foolish as to say that the return to power of those who favored slavery and promoted ignorance would lead to reconciliation.

Mr. Schurz shows what he thinks the Republican party might have done. But Mr. Schurz forgets that his own report upon the Southern situation was one of the authorities upon which Congress proceeded, and that he has justified the general Republican policy until the Ku-Klux law. He objected to that as unconstitutional and unwise. But nothing is plainer, from all public and private evidence, than that the protection of that law was essential, and that its great powers were used with most wise and generous moderation by the President. That there were not abuses we do not deny nor assert. But there is no question that political outrages amounting virtually to rebellion were suppressed. It is not the party whose policy has been magnanimous without precedent which prevents reconciliation.

THE REPUBLICAN WOMEN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The Republican women of Massachusetts have issued an address signed by many well-known and most highly respected names, the first two being those of Lydia Maria Child and Harriet Beecher Stowe. The address declares the cause of woman to be that of civilization, and asserts that the Republican party is pre-eminently the party of civilization. It acknowledges the courtesy of the Philadelphia fourteenth plank, and greets with the utmost pleasure the resolution of the Massachusetts Republicans in favor of equal suffrage, irrespective of sex. It expresses the fullest confidence that General Grant would sustain any Congressional action favorable to the cause, but declares that Mr. Greeley has shown himself both hostile and contemptuous toward the movement. Mr. Wilson is one of its early friends. "We are willing to trust the Republican party and its candidates as saying what they mean, and meaning what they say; and, in view of their honorable record, we have no fear of a betrayal on their part." The address exhorts all American women to accept the Republican action as prophetic of their political enfranchisement at a day not far distant.

The names signed to the address give to it the highest character as a well-considered, grave, and temperate expression of a conviction which can not be disregarded, and which will not prove to be fruitless. There is no doubt that those who sign it justly suppose that all practical progress in the enlargement of the suffrage in the manner which they desire will be made by the intelligence and conscience of the country, and that these are naturally attracted to the Republican party. It is not, of course, true that every Republican favors the views of the address, but it is true that the spirit and logic of the party are favorable. And the declaration of the Massachusetts Convention justifies an earnest appeal to the Legislature to test the feeling of the State. We presume that this appeal will be made, and if so, it will be under the most admirable auspices. The serious and reasonable manner in which the Republican women of Massachusetts present their views is itself a powerful argument. Nor can we avoid observing that the two names which are first signed are those of the most conspicuous of antislavery women in the old time. They declare themselves Republicans because they believe that liberty and justice every where and for all are most secure with that party.

CONSUL-GENERAL BUTLER.

Under our government consuls and consul-generals, being commercial agents as well as foreign representatives, belong both to the State and Treasury departments, and the Treasury Department has certain agents who visit consulates and report upon their condition. On the 25th of October, 1871, the Board of Foreign Missions asked that the character and conduct of Consul-General Butler, in Egypt, should be investigated. The State Department had already heard charges, and nearly two months before, on the 4th of September, 1871, had requested the Treasury Department to instruct one of its agents to make the investigation. The Secretary did so, and General Starring arrived in Egypt on the 23d of November, 1871, within less than a month after the committee had waited upon the President. In General Starring's opinion, the investigation required a journey to Khartoum, in Upper Egypt, and there was, therefore, delay in receiving his report. It was received in July, 1872, and on the 23d Mr. Butler was suspended. Under the Tenure of Office act he could not be peremptorily removed, for he was not appointed by the President alone, but by the President and the Senate. His successor, the consul at Jerusalem, and a gentleman of high character and tried capacity, was promoted in accordance with the spirit of the rules adopted by the President.

This is the simple story of the late consul-general in Egypt. When complaints were made, the President did not hesitate to direct an investigation, and upon the report submitted to him directed the suspension. There was a delay in the reception of the report for which the President was not responsible. Mr. Butler was apparently an improper officer, but the President evidently did not think that he would prove to be so, or he would not have nominated him, for he was the one who was sure to suffer if misconduct should appear. And the Senate did not think so, or it would not have confirmed him. Under the system under which such appointments have been made for forty years it is very difficult for the President to know the character or fitness of the person whom he nominates; and it is no less the duty of the Senate, before confirming, to endeavor to ascertain. Indeed, what is the object of that ceremony except to provide the safeguard of careful scrutiny? It is a great misfortune, undoubtedly, that among the sixty or seventy thousand officers of the government there are any who are incompetent or unfaithful. But since such will appear, the most that a President can do is to remove or to suspend when he is satisfied that complaint is well-founded.

It is not the appointment of a man who proves to be unfit, but his retention when unfitness is proved, or when an indisposition to listen to just complaint is shown, which is blameworthy in the appointing power. Nothing of this kind has appeared in the case of Mr. Butler; yet his case has been cited as a signal proof of the President's total disregard of his official duty. To assert that the President knew him to be unfit when he nominated him, and that the Senate believed him to be unfit when it confirmed him, is absurd. We do not deny that it is the tendency of a system of appointment without any sufficient method of testing recommendations to fill the offices with men of doubtful fitness. The President has long been of that opinion, and he has, therefore, constantly urged Congress to consider the subject, and has himself taken measures, which are necessarily imperfect, to remedy the difficulty.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Sumner seems not to have perfectly understood the meaning of the term "nepotism," and his application of it to our honest American President, therefore, is faulty. The popes, notwithstanding their vows of celibacy, were often provided with families of sons and daughters, who appeared at the pontifical court as their nephews and nieces. They were usually enriched from the patrimony of the Church, and hence the origin of the term. The practice of thus dissipating the spiritual revenues was thought highly commendable. Thus Lorenzo de Medici gently urges Pope Innocent VIII. to provide liberally for a son, Francesco Cibo, to whom he had married his daughter Madelena.

—Mr. Edmund Yates, the eminent English novelist, who made his début with so much success before an American audience on Friday evening, the 27th ult., at Association Hall, is in the flush of manhood, being forty-one years of age. He is the son of an eminent English actor (late lessee of the Adelphi, London) and actress, and for several years, up to last spring, was chief of the Missing Letter Department in the London General Post-office. He resigned in order to devote himself entirely to literature. Besides having edited the *Temple Bar* magazine, and *Tinsley's Magazine*, he was for six years dramatic critic of the London *Daily News*. His best-known novels are "Broken to Harness," "Running the Gauntlet," "Kissing the Rod," "Black Sheep," and "Wrecked in Port."

—It is no longer a secret that the "Recollections of an Old Stager," now in course of publication in *Harper's Magazine*, and very widely copied and commended by the press, are from the pen of Mr. T. N. Parmelee, of New Haven. Mr. Parmelee has probably known, and been on terms of personal intimacy with, as many men of mark who have been in high place at Washington, and the country generally, as any man of his time. He was on the most cordial terms with the late President Tyler, whose private secretary he was for a time, and during the palmiest days of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Mangum, Poindexter, and their compeers, had not only agreeable relations with those magnates, but free access to the best social and political life at the capital. His "Recollections" have all the piquancy and more of pith than Pepys, and will be of great value to those who are to be our future historians.

—The report is current generally, in newspaper "personals," that Robert Bonner will next spring retire from the active management of the *Ledger*. He has been twenty years in harness, always going at an amazing pace, and thinks it is about time to retire from the journalistic track.

—It is the opinion of Mr. A. M'Elroy Wylie that Henry Ward Beecher is probably to-day "one of the roundest men living. He presents some side to every human being he approaches, and draws men to him by the magnetism which seems to pervade all his powers. His sympathies are as broad as his perceptions, and, to use his own words, 'All the roads in creation meet at my door, and I am like a cow owned and milked by half a dozen families.' Mr. Beecher stands before the world as demonstration of the advantage of a conscientious respect paid to the laws of the body, and the conditions which secure great strength and the continuance of good health....His weekly task could never be accomplished if he did not rigidly observe three imperative conditions. He regards the laws of health, he works systematically, approaches his tasks with promptitude....There are certain hours when he will see strangers and entertain his friends, and his regulations are strongly adhered to. In his system due time is allotted to the recreation of his powers, and this he religiously observes." This month the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr Beecher's settlement over Plymouth Church occurs, and a sort of "silver wedding" festival will be held to commemorate the event.

—The Hon. Enoch L. Fancher, just appointed Justice of the Supreme Court in place of George G. Barnard, removed, is an able and highly respected lawyer, and a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church

—Earl Granville is one of the few men in high place in England who is a strict temperance man. For twenty-five years he has drank no liquors.

—The professors in Yale College receive an average salary of $3000; Harvard, $2600; Dartmouth, and Worcester University, $2000; Marietta, $1800; Oberlin and Wabash, $1500; Western Reserve, $1300.

—J. Ross Browne, one of our favorite contributors, has contracted to pay $300,000 for 20,000 acres of California salt-marsh.

—Rochefort's "History of the Lower Empire," as he sarcastically calls it, will be issued next spring in six 12mo volumes by a Brussels publishing firm, which paid 40,000 francs for it. Thus far the French government has allowed Rochefort to receive only 1000 francs of that sum.

—In the beautiful little book just published by the Harpers, entitled "Michael Faraday; the Story of his Life," allusion is made to the largeness of his correspondence. Every body was writing him for information on scientific subjects. Among others, a state prisoner writes: "It is, indeed, in studying the great discoveries which science is indebted to you for that I render my captivity less sad, and make time flow with rapidity." And then he proceeds to ask, "What is the most simple combination to give to a voltaic battery in order to produce a spark capable of setting fire to powder under water or under ground?" The prisoner who made this inquiry was Louis Napoleon, then immured in the fortress of Ham, and now the ex-Emperor of the French.

—In the *Weekly* of August 24 allusion was made to a peculiar nomenclature in the family of Cobbs. A London correspondent mentions the same peculiarity in a family of that name in England. For four generations a family of Cobbs have been bankers at Margate, the well-known port at the mouth of the Thames. At the beginning of this century Francis Cobb, commonly called at Margate "King Cobb," on account of his influence in the place, named his eldest son Francis William Cobb, and the next William Francis Cobb. His eldest daughter he named Charlotte Mary Cobb, and the next Mary Charlotte Cobb. Possibly both families may have inherited this peculiarity from a common ancestor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

William Forrester, the alleged murderer of Mr. Benjamin Nathan, was discharged by Justice Dowling, September 23, after a brief examination, which failed to establish his guilt. He was remanded to the custody of the Illinois authorities, who took him back to serve out an unexpired term of thirteen years in State-prison.

At a convention of the milk producers of this and neighboring States, held in New York recently, it was reported that of 500 samples of the fluid examined by a chemist, 470 were adulterated; and of $12,000,000 paid every year by consumers, only $3,000,000 reached the farmers.

The United States inspectors, in the case of the propeller *Metis*, recently wrecked off Watch Hill Point, Rhode Island, censure the captain and all the crew in their report. They also revoke the licenses of the captain and the first and second pilot, and suspend that of the chief mate for six months.

A convention of steamboat men was held at Cleveland, Ohio, September 24, at which resolutions were passed to take measures for avoiding collisions between steamers and sailing vessels.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Assurances have been formally given to President Thiers by the Russian minister to France that the Czar would not have been present at the meeting of the emperors if the object was hostility to France.

The French government has paid to Germany 57,000,000 francs, which completed the fifth half milliard of the war indemnity.

The recent elections in Canada were attended with riotous proceedings, which, for a time, threatened serious results. The press suffered principally from the mobs, who "cleaned out" the printing-offices of the Manitoba *Metis* and the *Gazette*.

The French authorities and General Manteuffel, commander of the German troops in France, have agreed that the evacuation of the departments of the Marne and Haute Marne shall commence October 15.

Eighteen thousand Communists still remain in the French prisons awaiting trials. Of these it is promised that more than one-half will soon be discharged, as nothing of a serious nature is alleged against them.

It is officially stated in Berlin that the Bishop of Ermeland persists in denying the sovereignty of the state. The Emperor of Germany has therefore given consent to further proceedings against him.

The Spanish government intends to meet the excess of expenditures over receipts by withholding the subsidies of the clergy.

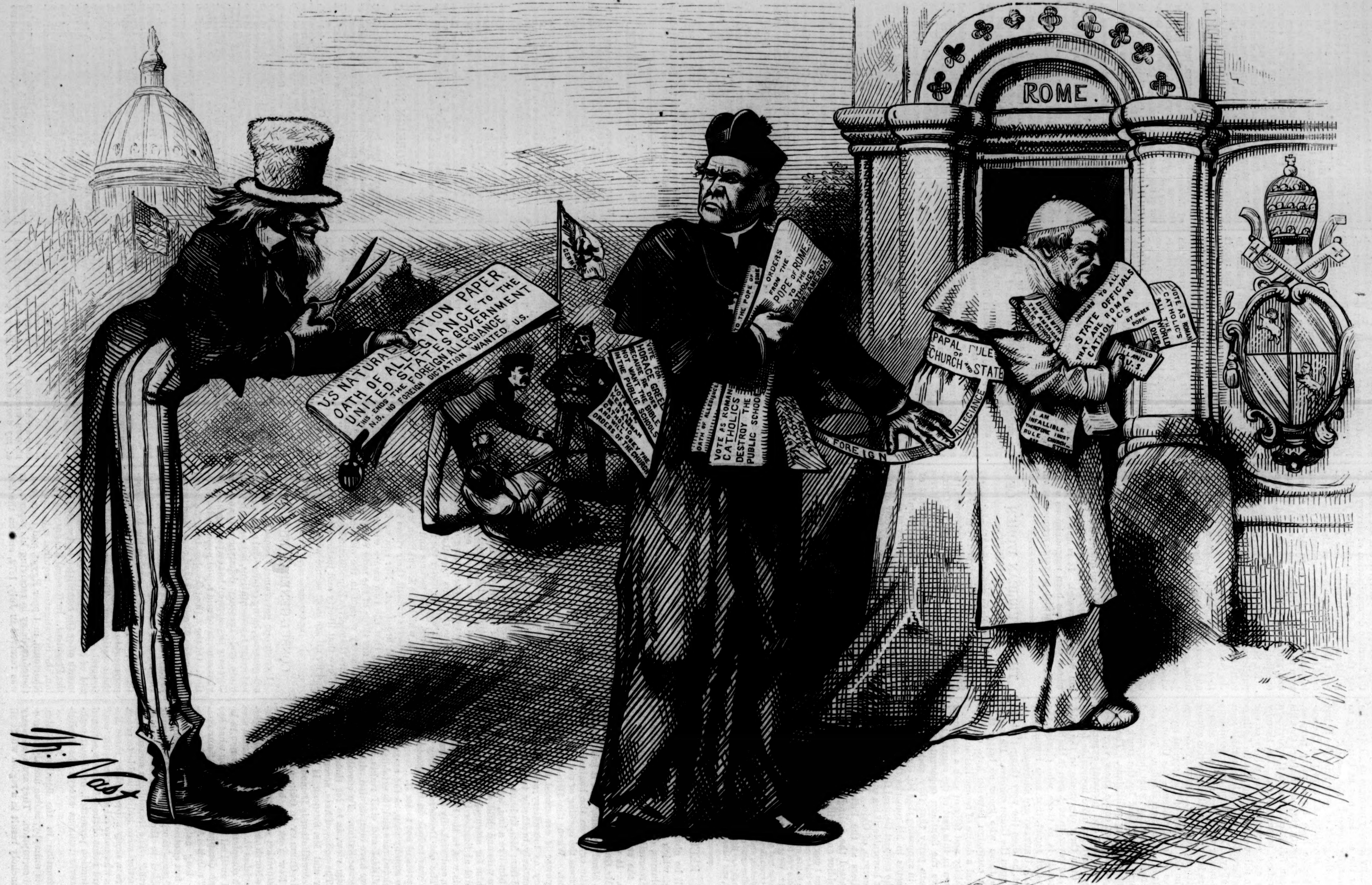
The small-pox is reported as raging furiously in many places on the Pacific coast of South America. The disease is said to be unusually virulent, and at Santiago, Chili, the mortality is very great, fifty-six patients out of fifty-eight having died in one hospital alone of that city in the course of one week.

The Irish Roman Catholic bishops met in Maynooth recently, and voted in favor of "home rule," although Archbishop Cullen opposed the principle.

The Sultan has dispatched an aid-de-camp to the Viceroy of Egypt with a firman, sanctioning the Viceroy's title of Khedive, and making it hereditary.

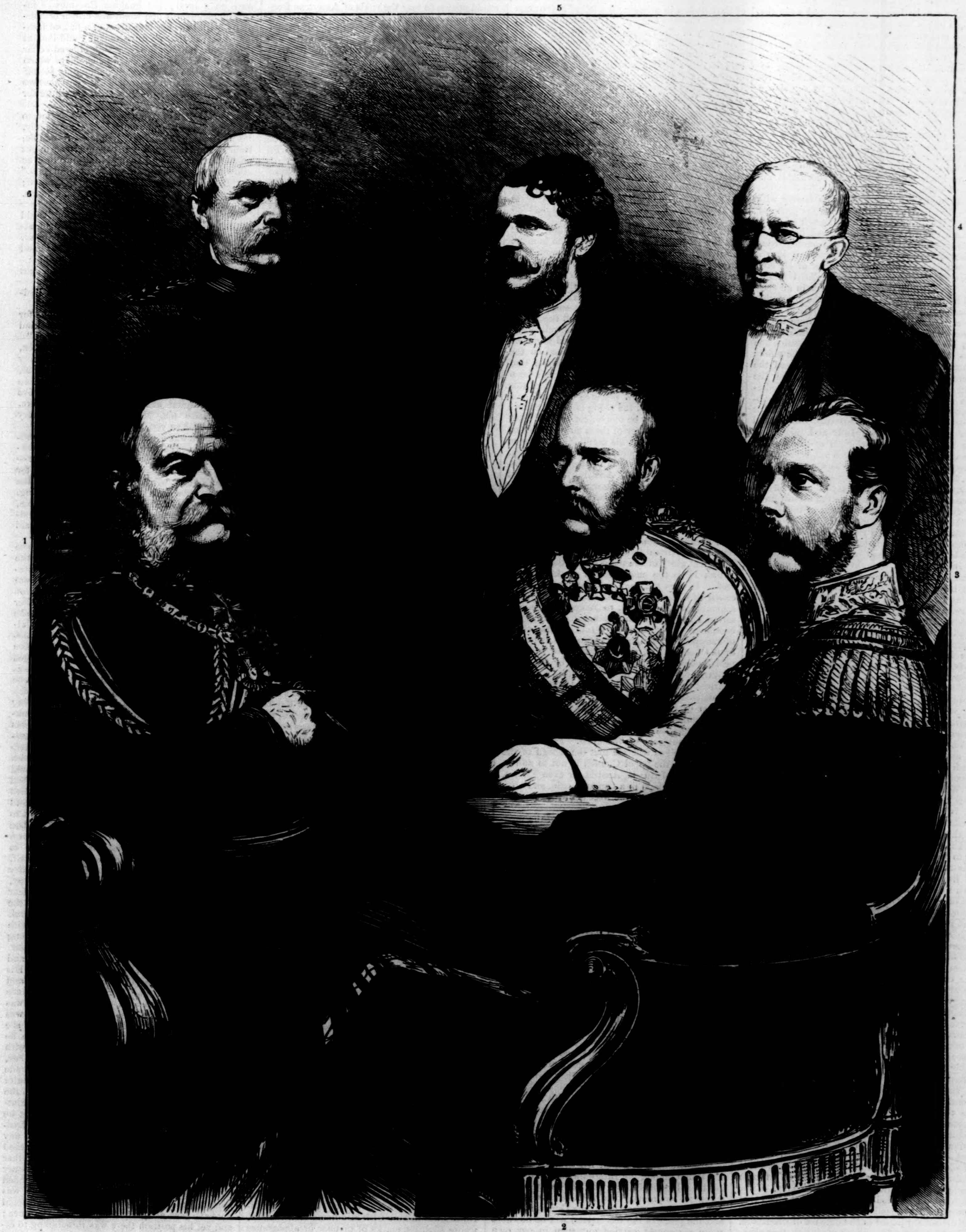
Late advices from Rio Janeiro announce that the election for members of Congress throughout the country has resulted in favor of the government candidates.

Señor Gomez, the Spanish Minister of Finance, has presented his budget for 1872-73. The revenues from all sources are estimated at 558,885,776 francs, and the expenditures at 545,394,711 francs.


ROME.
U.S. NATURALIZATION PAPER
OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
THIS ENDS THE FOREIGN ALLEGIANCE
N.B. NO FOREIGN DICTATION WANTED. U.S.
GERMAN
VOTE FOR HORACE GREELEY BECAUSE HE DOES NOT WANT THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
VOTE FOR KERNAN HE IS A ROMAN CATHOLIC AND WILL OBEY THE ORDERS OF THE CHURCH
TO THE POPE OF ROME
ORDERS FROM THE POPE OF ROME TO THE CATHOLICS IN AMERICA.
OATH OF ALLEGIANCE
VOTE AS ROMAN CATHOLICS DESTROY THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
FOREIGN
ALLEGIANCE
PAPAL RULE OF CHURCH AND STATE
DOWN WITH THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOLS
ORDERS TO ALL STATE OFFICIALS THAT ARE ROMAN CATHOLIC'S BY ORDER POPE
VOTE AS ROMAN CATHOLIC'S ALL THE WORLD OVER
PROMISED LAND U.S.
I AM INFALLIBLE THEREFORE I MUST RULE CHURCH AND STATE
Th. Nast

"TIED TO HIS MOTHER'S APRON-STRINGS."

U. S. "Allow me to Sever you from your Foreign Mother (Church). You are as able to take care of yourself as your Brethren of other Sects."



1. WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY. 2. FRANCIS JOSEPH I. OF AUSTRIA. 3. ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA. 4. PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. 5. COUNT ANDRASSY. 6. PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE JESUIT CRUSADE AGAINST GERMANY—THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THE JESUIT CRUSADE AGAINST GERMANY.*

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

It is little more than two years ago since a German traveler, learned, honest, resolute, entered with some misgiving the city of Rome. He came from Bavaria, was the disciple and the friend of **Döllinger**, and was about to place himself in the power of the deadliest enemies of Germany and German thought. Professor **Friedrich** had been appointed theologian to the Cardinal Prince **Hohenlöhe**, and was now on his way to attend the Vatican Council. **Döllinger**, he was warned, should he venture into Rome, might never be suffered to escape. The chief of the Old Catholics prudently avoided the hostile city; but Dr. **Friedrich** boldly threw himself into the midst of Jesuitism, and was so fortunate as to return in safety after a brief detention by the Inquisition. In the opening of the year 1870, indeed, Rome was a fortress and a prison. The Jesuits ruled with terrible energy over the Pope, the Church, and the trembling people. The French empire was in the zenith of its greatness; Europe heard with awe the faintest utterances of its corrupt ruler and his shameless court; the Jesuits of Rome were protected by the arms of imperial France, the most depraved of modern governments, nor did it seem that any human power could disturb the Pope in the exercise of his tyranny, or save from clerical oppression the unhappy Romans. Dark as have been the pictures of papal Rome presented to us by a succession of travelers, the narrative of Dr. **Friedrich**, one of the best scholars of Germany, who saw the Eternal City almost in the last hours of its slavery, confirms their worst details. The Jesuits, who are now complaining of the rigorous restrictions of the German government, as if they were the most innocent of men, were in 1870 the bitterest of persecutors. The Inquisition still ruled at Rome, natives and foreigners were still summoned before its tribunal, and two Eastern bishops were even consigned to its cells. Spies filled all the public places of the city. The press was silenced, the post-office watched, and letters opened; a garrison of brigands and convicts held the people in subjection; a lawless police terrified even the members of the last great Council of the papacy. Bishops and cardinals were forced to accept the doctrine of infallibility, and the Jesuits carried through their favorite measures by intimidation and bribes. Amidst the swarming throng of monks, priests, and high church officials religion was forgotten, and even its semblance scarcely assumed. The monks and priests were often gamblers, licentious, shameless, wholly depraved. The honest German fled like Luther, shocked and horrified, from the guilty city, whose wretched people cowered before their Jesuit rulers, and within whose crumbling walls, shut out from the light of modern civilization, priests and cardinals perpetrated their enormities unchecked and unseen.

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* *Tagebuch während der Vaticanischen Councils.* Von Dr. J. **Friedrich**. Nördlingen, 1871.

With that daring and relentless energy with which they have so often disturbed the peace of nations, the Jesuits forced the Council to adopt their most extravagant opinions, and, in the face of the opposition of the wiser and purer portion of the Romish Church, transformed it into a vast political association, the terror of all civil governments. The Pope was declared infallible. He is made the supreme ruler in all spiritual matters of mankind; and as the distinction between spiritual and temporal rule can never be clearly drawn, no nation is safe from his interference, and no prince or potentate secure from his dangerous assaults. The Jesuits, the Pope, and the Council anathematized the public schools of Europe and America, denounced the general education of the people, affirmed the right of religious persecution, heaped maledictions upon every government that did not submit to the spiritual tyranny of Rome. The spirit of the fierce and fanatical Loyola, who lighted anew the *autos-da-fe* of Italy and Spain, has been made the ruling principle of the papacy. The Church of Rome has been subjected to the society of the Jesuits, and whatever of the past has been the favorite policy of that fanatical body, it will now be the duty of every ardent Roman Catholic to carry on to the utmost limit. For three centuries the chief aim of the Jesuits has been to extirpate the free impulses of the German intellect. To crush German thought, to destroy the reformation of Luther, Loyola founded his society, and renewed the horrors of the Inquisition. He taught by example and precept that no mercy was to be shown to the heretic; his followers obeyed his injunctions. Jesuits inspired the rage of Charles V. against his Protestant subjects, and filled Germany with bloodshed and crime. Jesuits excited the unparalleled horrors of the Thirty Years' War, and destroyed one-half the population of Germany. The Jesuits led the persecutions of the Netherlands, the expulsion of the Huguenots, the Irish massacres, the madness of James II., the destruction of the Port Royalists, the ruin of the Vaudois, the more recent persecution in France; nor was it unnatural, therefore, that Dr. Döllinger, deeply versed in the history of the dangerous body, should infer that the war of 1870 was not to be disconnected from the papal Council, and that Rome and France had conspired to crush at once the temporal and the spiritual independence of his native land.

That every knee should be made to bow to their ambitious society, Dr. Friedrich assures us, is the ruling aim of the Jesuits; that the whole world should be reduced beneath the yoke of the faith of Loyola they openly required, and in the summer of 1870 they seemed nearly to have attained their object. The papacy was at the summit of its spiritual, and France of its temporal, rule. Germany, divided and torn by religious discord, seemed scarcely capable of union. The anathemas of the imprisoned Council had been hurled against its free schools and its civilization; Catholic Bavaria and Catholic Silesia might be tempted to disunion; and scarcely had the announcement of the papal infallibility resounded from Jesuit-smitten Rome, when the squadrons of France seemed to rush to the conquest of the accursed land. The Emperor of the French led the crusade against Germany; he hoped for the aid of Bavaria and the coldness of all Catholic Germans; but he was deceived. His only allies proved to be the Irish Catholics, who in Dublin, London, and New York responded unanimously to the call of the Jesuits, and furnished men, sympathy, and possibly money, to complete the ruin of Protestant Germany.

Bavaria stood firm. Louis, its young king, poet, musician, spotless in morals, and patriotic as the humblest peasant, eccentric, impulsive, sustained his united people in the defense of their father-land. An early attachment to an Austrian princess, which had ended in a final separation, a meditative and philosophical nature, made Louis the natural ally of Döllinger and reform; and when war was declared Munich rang with patriotic cheers, and the songs of the father-land swelled over the vast throngs that swept before the palace of the king. Baden and Würtemberg joined in the defense of the Rhine. The Catholics of Germany preferred their country to their priests; the united nation hurled back the French crusaders, and Paris and Rome fell together with a memorable shock. Germany was saved, we are assured by Döllinger, from the double tyranny of the Jesuits and of France, and stands forth a united people, resolute in its defense of free schools, a free Church, and of mental equality. Austria and Prussia, Bavaria and Baden, join in defying the authority of an infallible Pope, and, whether Catholic or Protestant, have asserted their independence of the Italian priest. Yet the Jesuits, undismayed by the disasters that might well have shaken their resolution, are once more planning the ruin of Germany. The Romish Church, organized into a vast political faction, is stirring up war in Europe, calls upon France to lead another religious crusade, and promises the aid of all the chivalry of Catholicism in avenging the fall of Napoleon upon the German empire. The London *Tablet*, the organ of Archbishop Manning, assures us that the next war will be a religious one; that France, springing up from its depression, will lead on the Catholic armies to the destruction of German freedom. The Irish press in the United States clamors for the new era of national woe. "All our hearts," exclaims a Catholic periodical, "run out to it [France] in the noble, the marvelous efforts it is making for self-regeneration." "Night and day," a German writer tells us, "the foundries and the factories of France are running to supply the lost cannon and rifles of the German war; its army will soon number 500,000 men, new fortifications are planned to make Paris impregnable. And it is not against feeble Spain or rising Italy that these great preparations are directed: it is against Germany alone."

In the universal war which the London *Tablet* and the Irish Catholic press see with no humane misgivings in the future, Austria and even Russia are to join in the assault upon the German empire, and aid the Catholic chivalry in the desolation of Europe. The struggle between the feeble old man, who sits a self-chained prisoner in the Vatican, and the Protestant successor of Barbarossa will call into action all the bitterness of national rivalry. Sadowa as well as Sedan will be avenged, and the temporal power of the Church will be once more regained on the battle-fields of the North. It is possible that the meeting of the three emperors has been planned to dissipate one portion at least of this sanguinary vision. To preserve the peace of Europe, and to check the rising hopes of France and the papacy, may be one object of the friendly conference. Neither of these powerful sovereigns has been without his useful influence upon his age, or, amidst many despotic tendencies, has failed to aid the cause of mental progress. Francis Joseph I., of Austria, the youngest of the three, became emperor after the stormy period of 1849, and has marked his reign by a perfect revolution against the rule of the priests. Unterrified by the bitter reproaches of Rome, he has driven the clergy from the public schools, and, at the command of his people, has declared the spiritual independence of his empire. The great glory of the reign of the Czar Alexander II. is the emancipation of the Russian serfs. It does not seem probable that the successor of Constantine will lend himself to the schemes of the Jesuits, to renew that mental serfdom to Rome from which Europe is slowly escaping. The Emperor William, the oldest of European sovereigns, has witnessed the union of his native land, the restoration of that imperial power which was founded by Charlemagne and renewed by Barbarossa; but the sharpest weapon that Germany has forged for the defense of the father-land is the general education of its people; nor is it likely that the papal emissaries will be able to seduce from their allegiance any large portion of the enlightened subjects of William. Each of the great sovereigns will see that the design of the schemers of the papal Council is not to add to the strength of Russia, Austria, or even France, but to involve them in a common ruin, and erect the Romish see upon the wrecks of the temporal empires.

Enraged, perhaps, at the coldness of the monarchs, the Jesuits have still their hope of misleading the people. Catholic leagues are every where forming, pledged to maintain the extreme demands of the papacy, to subject education, marriage, and all civil government to the authority of the Pope. Catholic unions are already disturbing the peace of Germany, and protesting against the suppression of the Jesuits. Priests have been rapidly converted into politicians. The ardor of the French, it is related, is shown in a passion for pilgrimages not surpassed since the days of the Crusades; in a renewed religious devotion to the Lady of Salette and the festivals of Lyons. Omens and miracles prepare the way for the new movement; mysterious crosses shine on the church windows of Alsace; and ominous sounds terrify the faithful of Baden. All the favorite arts of the Middle Ages are employed again to awaken the courage of superstition, and the Jesuit presses every where boast that they control the ignorant multitude, and will conquer by universal suffrage. They guide the elections of Bavaria, Poland, or Silesia; they claim a majority in Italy; they are active in the politics of Spain; they threaten England with the Celtic vote, and Archbishop Manning summons the Irish of London to register and unite at the polls. And when France is ready to open the crusade across the Rhine, no Catholic union will be idle, no nation but must feel the shock. Jesuits, it is stated, excite wild and frightful schemes of revolution among the Internationals, and threaten the rulers of Europe with the red spectre of a general commune. Yet the assault of the Jesuits and the papacy upon the German empire and the peace of the father-land will be nowhere more vigorously carried out than in our own country. Under the administration of President Grant Germany and America have been united in the common cause of free schools, of general education, of mental and moral progress. The Romish Church is resolved to break up this friendship, and to place in the control of the Union a party which, when the moment for the crusade against Germany shall arrive, will lend no ineffective aid to the arms of France. Its press has nominated Mr. Greeley for the Presidency. It possesses two powerful allies in America that will never fail it in any mad and dangerous scheme: on the one side it relies upon the Irish vote; on the other upon the rebellious faction of the South. Hating republicanism because the example of our republicanism has led to the downfall of the papacy and the popular advance of Europe, the Jesuit faction would rejoice to tear the vitals of American freedom and rend the breast that has offered it a shelter. It has allied itself with the Ku-Klux of Georgia and Missouri; it summons the unhappy Irish to vote for their own ruin; it would bring desolation within our borders, and light anew the fires of civil war. Dangerous as is the Jesuit society to Europe, it may prove still more fatal to America. If it could succeed in placing in power Mr. Greeley, and the throng of rebels, assassins, men of tainted characters, of doubtful lives, by whom he is chiefly surrounded, it would gain a victory that would be celebrated, like a new St. Bartholomew, with bells, cannon, processions, prayers at the Vatican; that would stimulate the vengeful hopes of France; that would hasten the rising of "the Catholic chivalry" upon the banks of the Rhine, and cheer the Catholic crusaders of Ireland, of France, Dublin, New York, in their sanguinary schemes against the peace and independence of Germany.

(Continued from No. 822, page 755.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK V.

THE DEAD HAND

CHAPTER XLIII.

"This figure hath high price: 'twas wrought with love
Ages ago in finest ivory;
Naught modish in it, pure and noble lines
Of generous womanhood that fits all time.
That too is costly ware; majolica
Of deft design, to please a lordly eye:
The smile, you see, is perfect—wonderful
As mere Faience! a table ornament
To suit the richest mounting."

Dorothea seldom left home without her husband, but she did occasionally drive into Middlemarch alone, on little errands of shopping or charity such as occur to every lady of any wealth when she lives within three miles of a town. Two days after that scene in the Yew-tree Walk she determined to use such an opportunity in order if possible to see Lydgate, and learn from him whether her husband had really felt any depressing change of symptoms which he was concealing from her, and whether he had insisted on knowing the utmost about himself. She felt almost guilty in asking for knowledge about him from another; but the dread of being without it—the dread of that ignorance which would make her unjust or hard—overcame every scruple. That there had been some crisis in her husband's mind she was certain: he had the very next day begun a new method of arranging his notes, and had associated her quite newly in carrying out his plan. Poor Dorothea needed to lay up stores of patience.

It was about four o'clock when she drove to Lydgate's house in Lowick Gate, wishing, in her immediate doubt of finding him at home, that she had written beforehand. And he was not at home.

"Is Mrs. Lydgate at home?" said Dorothea, who had never, that she knew of, seen Rosamond, but now remembered the fact of the marriage. Yes, Mrs. Lydgate was at home.

"I will go in and speak to her, if she will allow me. Will you ask her if she can see me—see Mrs. Casaubon—for a few minutes?"

When the servant had gone to deliver that message, Dorothea could hear sounds of music through an open window—a few notes from a man's voice, and then a piano bursting into roulades. But the roulades broke off suddenly, and then the servant came back saying that Mrs. Lydgate would be happy to see Mrs. Casaubon.

When the drawing-room door opened and Dorothea entered, there was a sort of contrast not infrequent in country life when the habits of the different ranks were less blent than now. Let those who know tell us exactly what stuff it was that Dorothea wore in those days of mild autumn—that thin white woolen stuff soft to the touch and soft to the eye. It always seemed to have been lately washed, and to smell of the sweet hedges—was always in the shape of a pelisse with sleeves hanging all out of the fashion. Yet if she had entered before a still audience as Imogen or Cato's daughter, the dress might have seemed right enough: the grace and dignity were in her limbs and neck; and about her simply parted hair and candid eyes the large round poke which was then in the fate of women seemed no more odd as a head-dress than the gold trencher we call a halo. By the present audience of two persons no dramatic heroine could have been expected with more interest than Mrs. Casaubon. To Rosamond she was one of those county divinities not mixing with Middlemarch mortality, whose slightest marks of manner or appearance were worthy of her study; moreover, Rosamond was not without satisfaction that Mrs. Casaubon should have an opportunity of studying *her*. What is the use of being exquisite if you are not seen by the best judges? And since Rosamond had received the highest compliments at Sir Godwin Lydgate's, she felt quite confident of the impression she must make on people of good birth. Dorothea put out her hand with her usual simple kindness, and looked admiringly at Lydgate's lovely bride—aware that there was a gentleman standing at a distance, but seeing him merely as a coated figure at a wide angle. The gentleman was too much occupied with the presence of the one woman to reflect on the contrast between the two—a contrast that would certainly have been striking to a calm observer. They were both tall, and their eyes were on a level; but imagine Rosamond's infantine blondeness and wondrous crown of hair-plaits, with her pale blue dress of a fit and fashion so perfect that no dress-maker could look at it without emotion, a large embroidered collar which it was to be hoped all beholders would know the price of, her small hands duly set off with rings, and that controlled self-consciousness of manner which is the expensive substitute for simplicity.

"Thank you very much for allowing me to interrupt you," said Dorothea, immediately. "I am anxious to see Mr. Lydgate, if possible, before I go home, and I hoped that you might possibly tell me where I could find him, or even allow me to wait for him if you expect him soon."

"He is at the New Hospital," said Rosamond; "I am not sure how soon he will come home. But I can send for him."

"Will you let me go and fetch him?" said Will Ladislaw, coming forward. He had already taken up his hat before Dorothea entered. She colored with surprise, but put out her hand with a smile of unmistakable pleasure, saying:

"I did not know it was you: I had no thought of seeing you here."

"May I go to the Hospital and tell Mr. Lydgate that you wish to see him?" said Will.

"It would be quicker to send the carriage for him," said Dorothea, "if you will be kind enough to give the message to the coachman."

Will was moving to the door, when Dorothea, whose mind had flashed in an instant over many connected memories, turned quickly and said, "I will go myself, thank you. I wish to lose no time before getting home again. I will drive to the Hospital and see Mr. Lydgate there. Pray excuse me, Mrs. Lydgate. I am very much obliged to you."

Her mind was evidently arrested by some sudden thought, and she left the room hardly conscious of what was immediately around her—hardly conscious that Will opened the door for her and offered her his arm to lead her to the carriage. She took the arm, but said nothing. Will was feeling rather vexed and miserable, and found nothing to say on his side. He handed her into the carriage in silence, they said good-by, and Dorothea drove away.

In the five minutes' drive to the Hospital she had time for some reflections that were quite new to her. Her decision to go, and her preoccupation in leaving the room, had come from the sudden sense that there would be a sort of deception in her voluntarily allowing any further intercourse between herself and Will which she was unable to mention to her husband, and already her errand in seeking Lydgate was a matter of concealment. That was all that had been explicitly in her mind; but she had been urged also by a vague discomfort. Now that she was alone in her drive she heard the notes of the man's voice and the accompanying piano, which she had not noted much at the time, returning on her inward sense; and she found herself thinking with some wonder that Will Ladislaw was passing his time with Mrs. Lydgate in her husband's absence. And then she could not help remembering that he had passed some time with her under like circumstances, so why should there be any unfitness in the fact? But Will was Mr. Casaubon's relative, and one toward whom she was bound to show kindness. Still there had been signs which perhaps she ought to have understood as implying that Mr. Casaubon did not like his cousin's visits during his own absence. "Perhaps I have been mistaken in many things," said poor Dorothea to herself, while the tears came rolling and she had to dry them quickly. She felt confusedly unhappy, and the image of Will which had been so clear to her before was mysteriously spoiled. But the carriage stopped at the gate of the Hospital. She was soon walking round the grass-plots with Lydgate, and her feelings recovered the strong bent which had made her seek for this interview.

Will Ladislaw, meanwhile, was mortified, and knew the reason of it clearly enough. His chances of meeting Dorothea were rare; and here for the first time there had come a chance which had set him at a disadvantage. It was not only, as it had been hitherto, that she was not supremely occupied with him, but that she had seen him under circumstances in which he might appear not to be supremely occupied with her. He felt thrust to a new distance from her, among the circles of Middlemarchers who made no part of her life. But that was not his fault: of course, since he had taken his lodgings in the town, he had been making as many acquaintances as he could, his position requiring that he should know every body and every thing. Lydgate was really better worth knowing than any one else in the neighborhood, and he happened to have a wife who was musical and altogether worth calling upon. Here was the whole history of the situation in which Diana had descended too unexpectedly on her worshiper. It was mortifying. Will was conscious that he should not have been at Middlemarch but for Dorothea; and yet his position there was threatening to divide him from her with those barriers of habitual sentiment which are more fatal to the persistence of mutual interest than all the distance between Rome and Britain. Prejudices about rank and status were easy enough to defy in the form of a tyrannical letter from Mr. Casaubon; but prejudices, like odorous bodies, have a double existence, both solid and subtile—solid as the pyramids, subtile as the twentieth echo of an echo, or as the memory of hyacinths which once scented the darkness. And Will was of a temperament to feel keenly the presence of subtilties. A man of clumsier perceptions would not have felt, as he did, that for the first time some sense of unfitness in perfect freedom with him had sprung up in Dorothea's mind, and that their silence, as he conducted her to the carriage, had had a chill in it. Perhaps Casaubon, in his hatred and jealousy, had been insisting to Dorothea that Will had slid below her socially. Confound Casaubon!

Will re-entered the drawing-room, took up his hat, and looking irritated as he advanced toward Mrs. Lydgate, who had seated herself at her work-table, said:

"It is always fatal to have music or poetry interrupted. May I come another day and just finish about the rendering of 'Lungi dal caro bene?'"

"I shall be happy to be taught," said Rosamond. "But I am sure you admit that the interruption was a very beautiful one. I quite envy your acquaintance with Mrs. Casaubon. Is she very clever? She looks as if she were."

"Really, I never thought about it," said Will, sulkily.

"That is just the answer Tertius gave me, when I first asked him if she were handsome. What is it that you gentlemen are thinking of when you are with Mrs. Casaubon?"

"Herself," said Will, not indisposed to provoke the charming Mrs. Lydgate. "When one sees a perfect woman, one never thinks of her attributes—one is conscious of her presence."

"I shall be jealous when Tertius goes to Lowick," said Rosamond, dimpling, and speaking with aery lightness. "He will come back and think nothing of me."

"That does not seem to have been the effect on Lydgate hitherto. Mrs. Casaubon is too unlike other women for them to be compared with her."

"You are a devout worshiper, I perceive. You often see her, I suppose."

"No," said Will, almost pettishly. "Worship is usually a matter of theory rather than of practice. But I am practicing it to excess just at this moment—I must really tear myself away."

"Pray come again some evening: Mr. Lydgate will like to hear the music, and I can not enjoy it so well without him."

When her husband was at home again, Rosamond said, standing in front of him and holding his coat collar with both her hands, "Mr. Ladislaw was here singing with me when Mrs. Casaubon came in. He seemed vexed. Do you think he disliked her seeing him at our house? Surely your position is more than equal to his—whatever may be his relation to the Casaubons."

"No, no; it must be something else if he were really vexed. Ladislaw is a sort of gypsy; he thinks nothing of leather and prunella."

"Music apart, he is not always very agreeable. Do you like him?"

"Yes: I think he is a good fellow: rather miscellaneous and *bric-à-brac*, but likable."

"Do you know, I think he adores Mrs. Casaubon."

"Poor devil!" said Lydgate, smiling and pinching his wife's ears.

Rosamond felt herself beginning to know a great deal of the world, especially in discovering—what when she was in her unmarried girlhood had been inconceivable to her except as a dim tragedy in by-gone costumes—that women, even after marriage, might make conquests and enslave men. At that time young ladies in the country, even when educated at Mrs. Lemon's, read little French literature later than Racine, and public prints had not cast their present magnificent illumination over the scandals of life. Still vanity, with a woman's whole mind and day to work in, can construct abundantly on slight hints, especially on such a hint as the possibility of indefinite conquests. How delightful to make captives from the throne of marriage with a husband as crown prince by your side—himself in fact a subject—while the captives look up forever hopeless, losing their rest probably, and if their appetite too, so much the better! But Rosamond's romance turned at present chiefly on her crown prince, and it was enough to enjoy his assured subjection. When he said, "Poor devil!" she asked, with playful curiosity,

"Why so?"

"Why, what can a man do when he takes to adoring one of you mermaids? He only neglects his work and runs up bills."

"I am sure you do not neglect your work. You are always at the Hospital, or seeing poor patients, or thinking about some doctor's quarrel; and then at home you always want to pore over your microscope and phials. Confess you like those things better than me."

"Haven't you ambition to want your husband to be something better than a Middlemarch doctor?" said Lydgate, letting his hands fall on to his wife's shoulders, and looking at her with affectionate gravity. "I shall make you learn my favorite bit from an old poet:

> 'Why should our pride make such a stir to be
> And be forgot? What good is like to this,
> To do worthy the writing, and to write
> Worthy the reading and the world's delight?'

What I want, Rosy, is to do worthy the writing—and to write out myself what I have done. A man must work, to do that, my pet."

"Of course I wish you to make discoveries: no one could more wish you to attain a high position in some better place than Middlemarch. You can not say that I have ever tried to hinder you from working. But we can not live like hermits. You are not discontented with me, Tertius?"

"No, dear, no. I am too entirely contented."

"But what did Mrs. Casaubon want to say to you?"

"Merely to ask about her husband's health. But I think she is going to be splendid to our New Hospital: I think she will give us two hundred a year."

CHAPTER XLIV.

> "I would not creep along the coast, but steer
> Out in mid-sea, by guidance of the stars."

WHEN Dorothea, walking round the laurel-planted plots of the New Hospital with Lydgate, had learned from him that there were no signs of change in Mr. Casaubon's bodily condition, beyond the mental sign of anxiety to know the truth about his illness, she was silent for a few moments, wondering whether she had said or done any thing to rouse this new anxiety. Lydgate, not willing to let slip an opportunity of furthering a favorite purpose, ventured to say:

"I don't know whether your or Mr. Casaubon's attention has been drawn to the needs of our New Hospital. Circumstances have made it seem rather egotistic in me to urge the subject, but that is not my fault: it is because there is a fight being made against it by the other medical men. I think you are generally interested in such things, for I remember that when I first had the pleasure of seeing you at Tipton Grange before your marriage you were asking me some questions about the way in which the health of the poor was affected by their miserable housing."

"Yes, indeed," said Dorothea, brightening. "I shall be quite grateful to you if you will tell me how I can help to make things a little better. Every thing of that sort has slipped away from me since I have been married. I mean," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "that the people in our village are tolerably comfortable, and my mind has been too much taken up for me to inquire further. But here—in such a place as Middlemarch—there must be a great deal to be done."

"There is every thing to be done," said Lydgate, with abrupt energy. "And this Hospital is a capital piece of work, due entirely to Mr. Bulstrode's exertions, and in a great degree to his money. But one man can't do every thing in a scheme of this sort. Of course he looked forward to help. And now there's a mean, petty feud set up against the thing in the town by certain persons who want to make it a failure."

"What can be their reasons?" said Dorothea, with *naïve* surprise.

"Chiefly Mr. Bulstrode's unpopularity, to begin with. Half the town would almost take trouble for the sake of thwarting him. In this stupid world most people never consider that a thing is good to be done unless it is done by their own set. I had no connection with Bulstrode before I came here. I look at him quite impartially, and I see that he has some notions—that he has set things on foot—which I can turn to good public purpose. If a fair number of the better educated men went to work with the belief that their observations might contribute to the reform of medical doctrine and practice, we should soon see a change for the better. That's my point of view. I hold that by refusing to work with Mr. Bulstrode I should be turning my back on an opportunity of making my profession more generally serviceable."

"I quite agree with you," said Dorothea, at once fascinated by the situation sketched in Lydgate's words. "But what is there against Mr. Bulstrode? I know that my uncle is friendly with him."

"People don't like his religious tone," said Lydgate, breaking off there.

"That is all the stronger reason for despising such an opposition," said Dorothea, looking at the affairs of Middlemarch by the light of the great persecutions.

"To put the matter quite fairly, they have other objections to him: he is masterful and rather unsociable, and he is concerned with trade, which has complaints of its own that I know nothing about. But what has that to do with the question whether it would not be a fine thing to establish here a more valuable hospital than any they have in the county? The immediate motive to the opposition, however, is the fact that Bulstrode has put the medical direction into my hands. Of course I am glad of that. It gives me an opportunity of doing some good work—and I am aware that I have to justify his choice of me. But the consequence is, that the whole profession in Middlemarch have set themselves tooth and nail against the Hospital, and not only refuse to co-operate themselves, but try to blacken the whole affair and hinder subscriptions."

"How very petty!" exclaimed Dorothea, indignantly.

"I suppose one must expect to fight one's way: there is hardly any thing to be done without it. And the ignorance of people about here is stupendous. I don't lay claim to any thing but having used some opportunities which have not come within every body's reach; but there is no stifling the offense of being young, and a new-comer, and happening to know something more than the old inhabitants. Still, if I believe that I can set going a better method of treatment—if I believe that I can pursue certain observations and inquiries which may be a lasting benefit to medical practice, I should be a base truckler if I allowed any consideration of personal comfort to hinder me. And the course is all the clearer from there being no salary in question to put my persistence in an equivocal light."

"I am glad you have told me this, Mr. Lydgate," said Dorothea, cordially. "I feel sure I can help a little. I have some money, and don't know what to do with it—that is often an uncomfortable thought to me. I am sure I can spare two hundred a year for a grand purpose like this. How happy you must be, to know things that you feel sure will do great good! I wish I could awake with that knowledge every morning. There seems to be so much trouble taken that one can hardly see the good of!"

There was a melancholy cadence in Dorothea's voice as she spoke these last words. But she presently added, more cheerfully, "Pray come to Lowick and tell us more of this. I will mention the subject to Mr. Casaubon. I must hasten home now."

She did mention it that evening, and said that she should like to subscribe two hundred a year—she had seven hundred a year, as the equivalent of her own fortune, settled on her at her marriage. Mr. Casaubon made no objection beyond a passing remark that the sum might be disproportionate in relation to other good objects, but when Dorothea in her ignorance resisted that suggestion, he acquiesced. He did not care himself about spending money, and was not reluctant to give it. If he ever felt keenly any question of money it was through the medium of another passion than the love of material property.

Dorothea told him that she had seen Lydgate, and recited the gist of her conversation with him about the Hospital. Mr. Casaubon did not question her further, but he felt sure that she had wished to know what had passed between Lydgate and himself. "She knows that I know," said the ever-restless voice within; but that increase of tacit knowledge only thrust further off any confidence between them. He distrusted her affection; and what loneliness is more lonely than distrust?

ENGAGED FOR MONEY.

[See Illustration on Page 797.]

"Two souls with but a single thought,
  Two hearts that beat as one." Ah, yes!
There may be such a thing indeed,
  But not for me, I must confess.
Two souls with not a single thought
  In common, is the case just here;
Two hearts that beat in different time,
  And mine—indifferent quite, I fear.

Ah, me! there was a time when I
  Imagined love was something true,
When life was sunshine o'er and o'er,
  And joys for me formed ever new.
The river-bank whereon we sit
  To-day, with pulses dull and slow,
Was once the trysting-place where two,
  With clasped hands, watched the waters flow.

But all too soon that dream was o'er:
  I learned a lesson hard, though true;
The romance of this life is short,
  And love, I find, is shorter too.
So now my hand I've given away;
  My heart?—well, that remains my own.
I wonder if the old man dreams
  I marry him for wealth alone?

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have already given an account of the operations on the part of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries during the present season, having as their object the stocking of the waters of the Mississippi River with shad; also of the efforts of a similar character on the part of the commissioners of New York and Connecticut with reference to the rivers and lakes in those States. Arrangements have also been made on a large scale for the introduction of salmon into the waters of the United States; and we have every reason to hope that in the course of a few years this fish will be as cheap an article of food as shad.

In the almost entire extinction of the salmon within the limits of the United States, and the impossibility of obtaining a sufficient supply of eggs from the Provinces in view of the restrictive measures adopted by the Dominion government, it has become necessary to seek them from other sources, which, it is hoped, will answer the desired object. The only salmon river of the United States offering even a moderate chance for this purpose is the Penobscot; and the commissioners of several of the New England States, together with some private parties, engaged Mr. CHARLES G. ATKINS, late Fish Commissioner of the State of Maine, to carry out on a large scale the collection and hatching of eggs after the plan so successfully prosecuted in 1870. This consists in obtaining the living fish from the fishermen, after their capture in the weirs, and penning them up in a fresh-water pond until the time for spawning arrives, when the eggs are stripped from the female and fertilized by means of the milt of the male. They are then developed in a hatching house in the usual manner, until the eyes are visible through the shell; after which they may be transported to other establishments, where the operation is completed. Mr. ATKINS's labors last year were at Orland, in Maine, but this year they have been conducted at Bucksport, where, on the 1st of September last, he had about 600 fine salmon in good health and condition.

A certain part of the expense of this enterprise of Mr. ATKINS is defrayed from the government appropriation, and it is hoped that a large number of eggs will be available for distribution on the part of the United States.

In addition to these, however, about half a million of eggs are expected from the Rhine, the German government having promised to present to the United States 250,000 impregnated eggs, and 250,000 have been engaged by the commissioner from a private establishment. These eggs will all be taken from healthy large fish, of a size averaging considerably more than those of the Penobscot River; and as the American and European salmon are believed to be identical, the introduction of this fresh blood into the waters of the United States will doubtless result very advantageously, apart from the increase in the numbers of the fish.

With a view of securing a still further supply the commissioner has dispatched Mr. LIVINGSTON STONE, an accomplished salmon-culturist and fish-breeder, to the upper Sacramento River, where an establishment will be started for taking the spawn and developing it to a proper degree for transportation. It is impossible at present, of course, to determine what number will thus be obtained, but a large supply is hoped for; and as these fish belong to a region comparatively mild, and where they spawn considerably earlier than the Eastern salmon, it may be advisable to reserve them for such rivers as the James, the Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Hudson, and those of the south side of New England, as also for experiment in the great lakes.

This salmon will be a decided acquisition to any of our Eastern waters, as, although of a different species from the *Salmo salar*, it is, if any thing, superior to it in flavor and richness, besides being characterized by a much more deeply red color. The question of the most suitable disposition of these eggs will probably be discussed at a meeting of the Fish Commissioners of the States and of the members of the Fish-Culturists's Association, which is to be held about the middle of October.

A meeting of the New French Association for the Advancement of Science was announced to be held at Bordeaux from the 5th to the 12th of September last, and it was expected that, besides the reading of the papers and the consequent discussions, numerous excursions into the interesting localities in the vicinity would be made.

After many months of voyaging, and with varying success as to the objects of her mission, the *Hassler*, with Professor AGASSIZ and party on board, has reached the end of her journey, having come to anchor in the harbor of San Francisco on the 31st of August. After leaving Acapulco, as referred to in our last account of her movements, the vessel proceeded to Magdalena Bay, where the settlement of orchilla gatherers was visited, and extensive shore collections made, among others a large number of fishes, several of which were new to science. On the 14th of August the party arrived at San Diego, the vicinity of which was also explored pretty thoroughly, the *Hassler* having remained some time to look after a reported sunken rock, which, however, was not found.

On renewing the voyage they had a pleasant run of three days, part of the time through heavy fog banks, and finally entered the harbor of San Francisco on the 31st, as already mentioned. We wait with much interest the official report of Professor AGASSIZ himself of the results of the expedition, as the partial accounts that have been published have been mainly derived from the pens of newspaper correspondents; and before a critical investigation of the collections and observations could be made.

There seems to have been less done in the way of deep-sea dredgings than had been hoped for, in consequence of the loss of dredging apparatus off the coast of Chili. No indications of deep-sea temperatures in the Pacific have been made public. The notes upon the geology of the country by Professor AGASSIZ, in reference to the glacial period of the southern portion of South America, are of very great importance, and can not fail to command attention. The investigations upon the penetration of light, and the influence of actinic rays at various depths, are also believed to be capable of important applications in the general theory of biological and physical influences in the waters.

A large amount of work was done in making photographic and other pictures of the objects met with. The most decided success, however, seems to have been in the collection of specimens of natural history for the museum at Cambridge, 3500 gallons of alcohol having been expended in their preparation. The result will be to render the Cambridge collection by far the richest in the world in fishes and many other marine animals. It is announced that Professor AGASSIZ will remain a short time in San Francisco, after which he will return to his home; and, we trust, in renewed health and strength, and able to undertake at once the elaboration of his scientific results and their presentation to the expectant public.

The International Congress of Weights and Measures, the meeting of which in Paris was interrupted by the breaking out of the French-German war, was announced to be held on the 21st to the 24th of September.

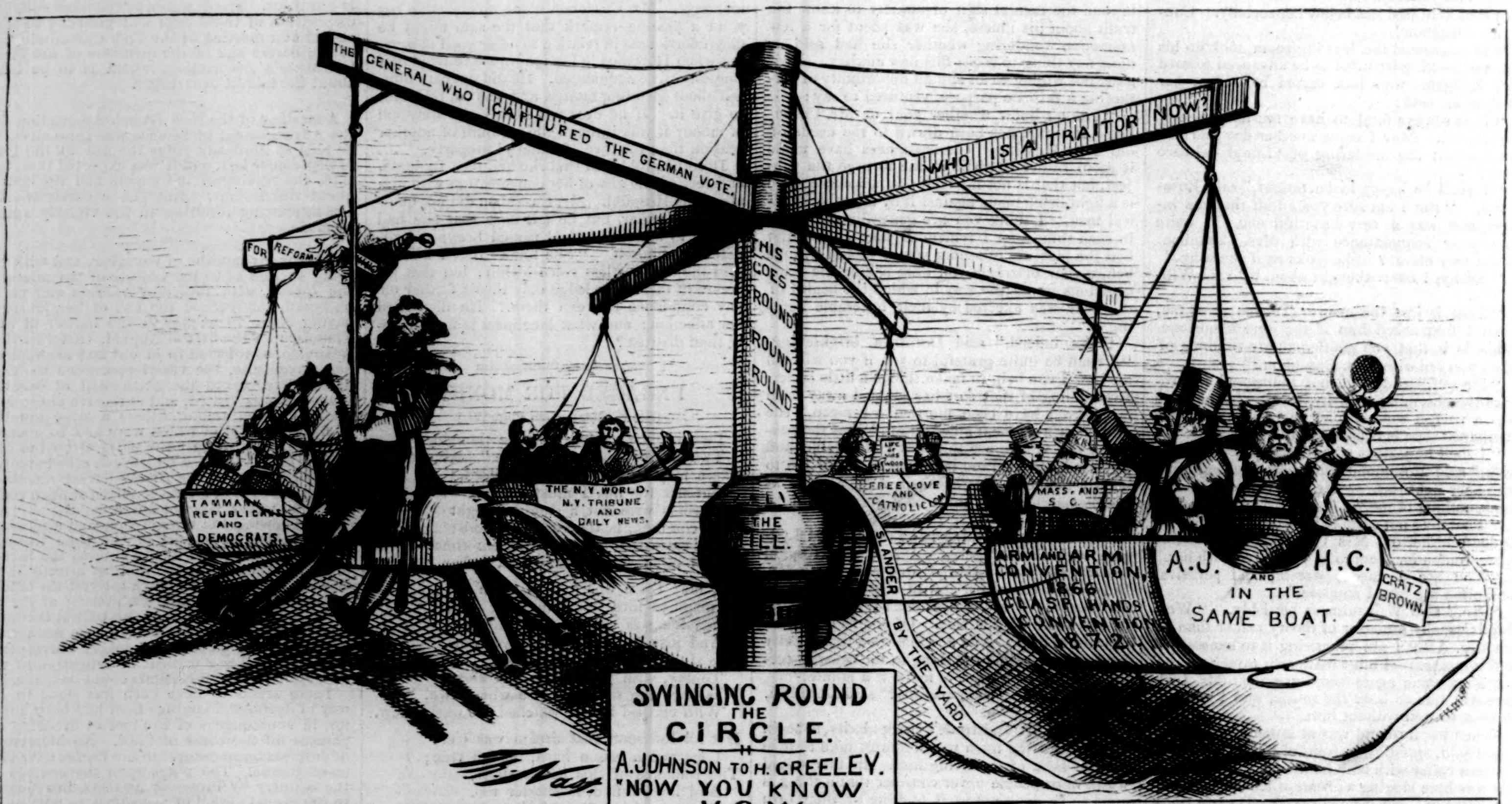
The death of Sir ANDREW SMITH, at the age of seventy-five years, is recorded as having taken place in London early in August last. This gentleman, apart from his medical connection, was well known through his great work, entitled "Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa," which is still a standard book of reference. He was Director-General of the Army Medical Department from 1851 to 1858, and his thorough knowledge of the tribes of South Africa enabled him to furnish important information and advice to the government in reference to the disposition of affairs in that part of the world.

The British division of the North American Boundary Expedition has reached this country, and proceeded to Pembina to join the United States force organized for that purpose by the War Department. It consists of about fifty persons, principally men of the Royal Engineers, who have lately undergone a thorough course of instruction preparatory to this work at the School of Military Engineering. The party is under command of Captain A. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, and is expected to be engaged five years in the service.

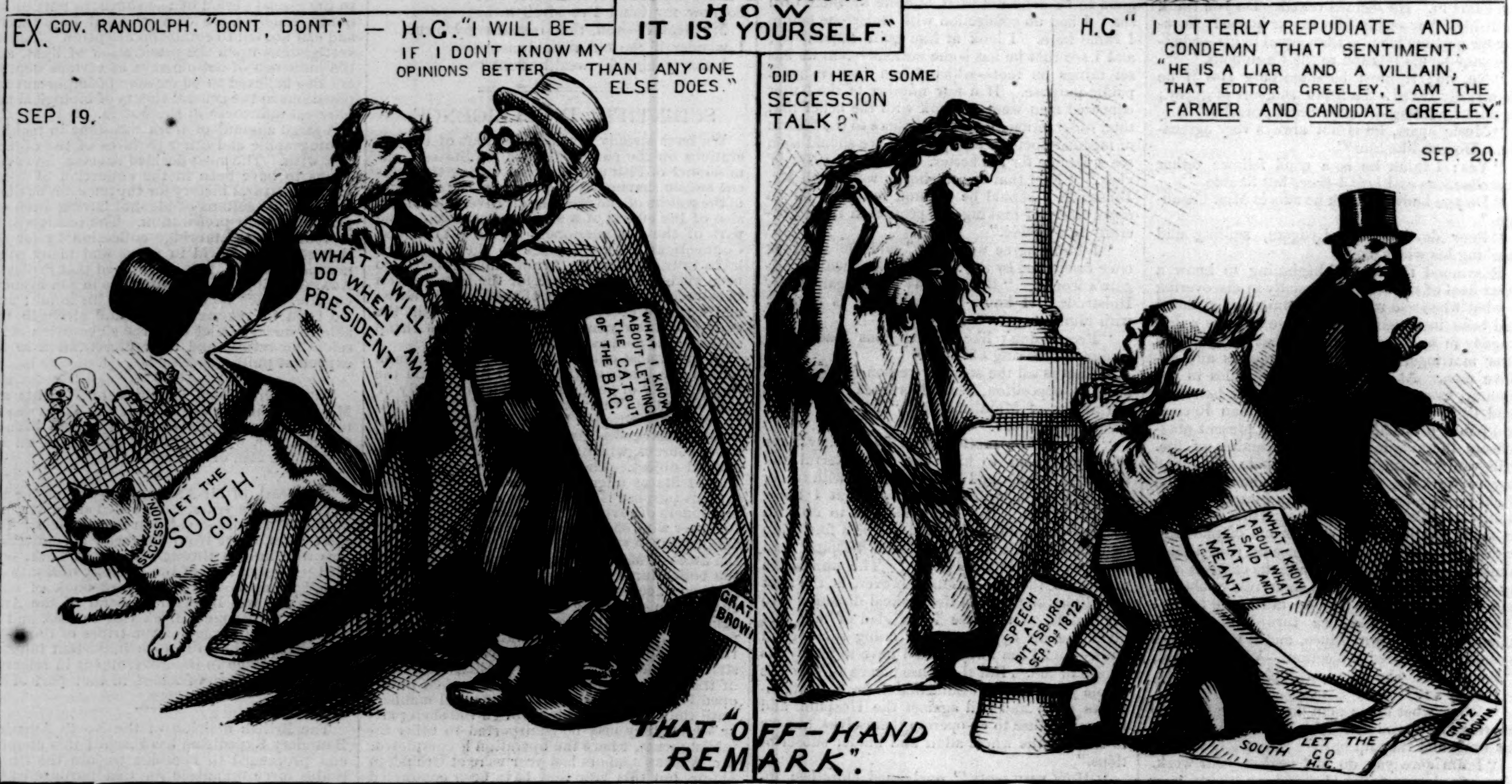
The practical result of the introduction of salmon into suitable rivers is well shown by the report, lately published, of experiments made in the German river Weser, by SCHIEBER (the Inspector of Fisheries at Hameln), about 120 miles from the mouth, where the river empties into the German Ocean. In April, 1858, 80,000 eggs, ten weeks old, were deposited; in 1859, 31,000; and in 1860, 29,000. As the result, at the expiration of four years the number of salmon taken at Hameln had increased fivefold, and in 186[illegible] eightfold. Up to 1862 the catch at Hameln had amounted to from 400 to 500 fish annually; while in 1862, 2600 were taken; in 1863, 4000; in 1864, 5000.

In 1862 and 1863 no young were introduced, and consequently in 1865 only 1500 fish were taken; in 1866, 1100; and in 1867, 900. Mr. SCHIEBER concludes, from his investigations, that the period of four years elapses between the hatching of the eggs and the return of the fish to the breeding ground, at which time it has attained a weight of from five to eight pounds. The number actually taken at Hameln, however, is no criterion of the yield, since scarcely more than one-third ascend as high as that point, the remainder finding satisfactory breeding places in the shallow gravel-beds below.

When the temperature of the water exceeded 60° the salmon appeared to be exhausted, and unable to continue their active efforts at ascending the river, and waited for the cooling of the water, either by a change of external temperature or by a rise from the upper springs.

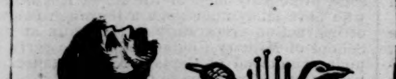

THE GENERAL WHO CAPTURED THE GERMAN VOTE.
WHO IS A TRAITOR NOW?
FOR REFORM.
THIS GOES ROUND ROUND ROUND
TAMMANY REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS.
THE N.Y. WORLD. N.Y. TRIBUNE AND DAILY NEWS.
THE MILL.
FREE LOVE AND CATHOLICS
MASS. AND S.C.
ARM AND ARM CONVENTION, 1866
CLASP HANDS CONVENTION 1872.
A.J. AND H.C. IN THE SAME BOAT.
GRATZ BROWN.
SLANDER BY THE YARD.
Th. Nast.

SWINGING ROUND THE CIRCLE.
A. JOHNSON TO H. GREELEY. "NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOURSELF."

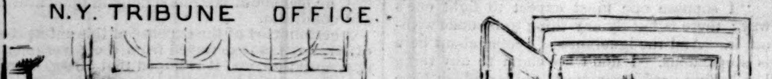

EX. GOV. RANDOLPH. "DONT, DONT!" — H.G. "I WILL BE — IF I DONT KNOW MY OPINIONS BETTER THAN ANY ONE ELSE DOES."
SEP. 19.
WHAT I WILL DO WHEN I AM PRESIDENT.
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.
LET THE SOUTH GO.
SECESSION
GRATZ BROWN
"DID I HEAR SOME SECESSION TALK?"
H.C "I UTTERLY REPUDIATE AND CONDEMN THAT SENTIMENT." "HE IS A LIAR AND A VILLAIN, THAT EDITOR GREELEY, I AM THE FARMER AND CANDIDATE GREELEY."
SEP. 20.
SPEECH AT PITTSBURG SEP. 19th 1872.
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT WHAT I SAID AND WHAT I MEANT.
LET THE SOUTH GO H.G.
GRATZ BROWN

THAT "OFF-HAND REMARK".

THE PROFESSOR OF TRUE MUSIC.

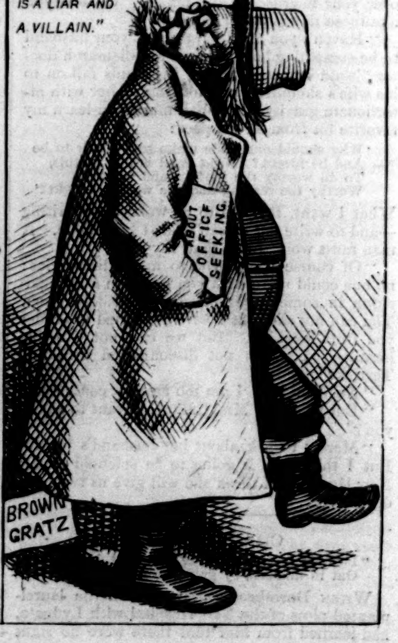

N.Y. TRIBUNE.
WHO EVER CALLS THIS AN ORGAN IS A LYRE.

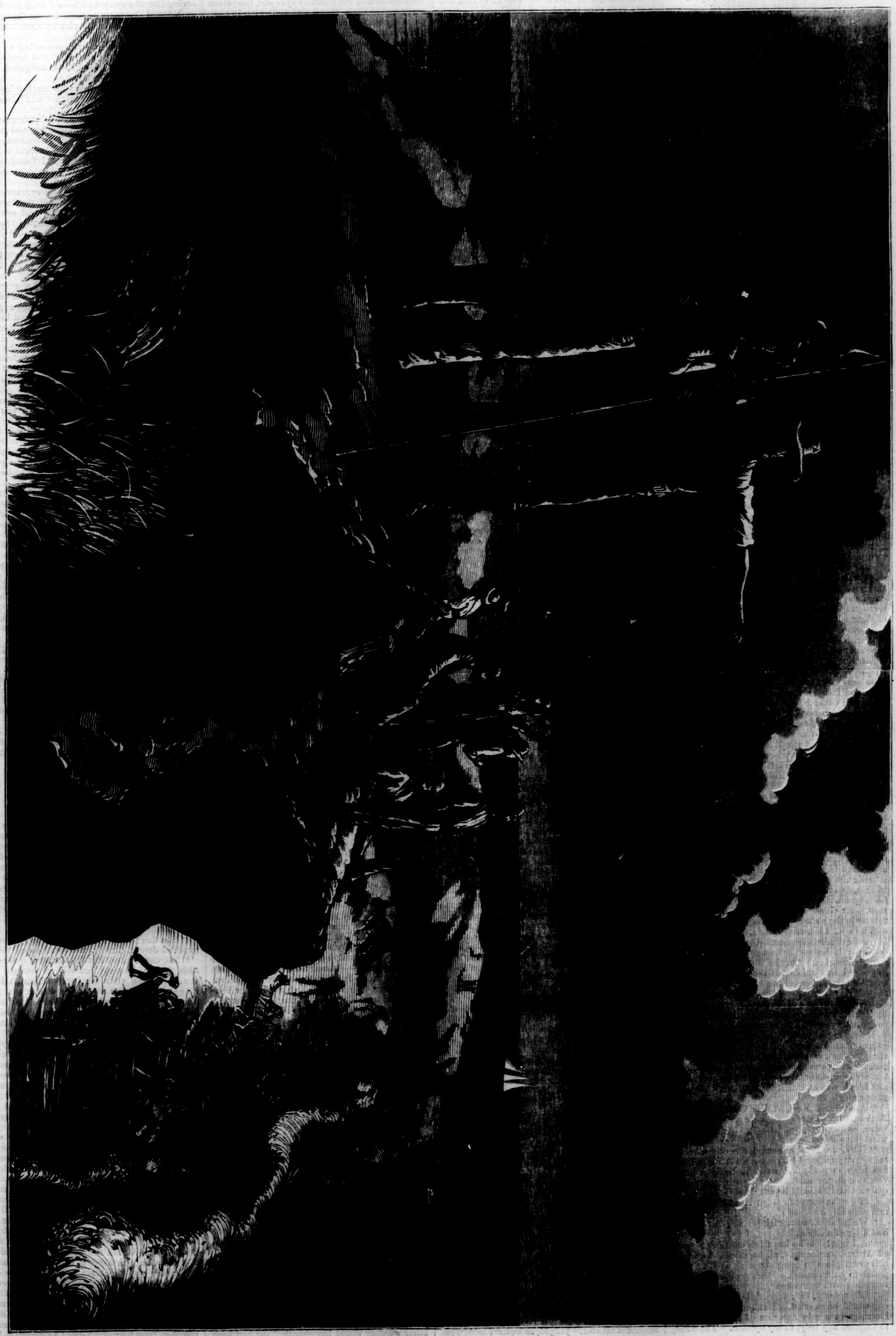
AFTER THE ELECTION.


N.Y. TRIBUNE OFFICE.
"I WANT MY CHAIR BACK." H— G—
EDITORIAL CHAIR

WHITE LIE REID TO H. G. "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST."

"WHO EVER SAYS THAT MY HEAD IS TURNED FOR THE WANT OF OFFICE IS A LIAR AND A VILLAIN."


ABOUT OFFICE SEEKING.
BROWN GRATZ



MACKEREL FISHING—SIGNAL-MEN SIGHTING A "SCHOOL."—From a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 794.]

MACKEREL FISHING.

Mackerel fishing affords a livelihood to a large number of the hardiest inhabitants of our Northeastern coast. The fishery is pursued at sea in schooners of from thirty to one hundred and twenty tons. Operations commence in the latter part of March, when the mackerel return to our coast from their winter's absence in more southern waters, and last until the end of November. By that time the fish, and their relentless pursuers also, have made the entire circuit of our Eastern coast, from the capes of Delaware, where they first appear in early spring, to the extreme borders of Maine and the bays of British America, and back again as far as the headland of Cape Cod. Thence, about Thanksgiving-day, the fish take their departure for winter-quarters.

Our illustration on page 793 has reference to the near shore mackerel fishery on the New England coast. During the season the most experienced fishermen of a village or temporary settlement act as signal-men for their companions, and keep a constant look-out, from some elevated point, for the appearance of a school of mackerel. The instant one is sighted the information is signaled to the whole community, who hasten to put to sea to secure the rich spoils awaiting their hooks and lines.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A HOMEOPATHIC REMEDY.

On the same night in which that ghastly vision manifested itself to Mrs. Tyndall her husband was hurrying to Daneton by the night mail. The train had been late at starting, and the engine-man was doing his best to make up for the lost time. The wind and the train were speeding in the same direction: so fiercely sped the iron horse that the train outstripped the wind; and yet, to Arthur's mind, impatient and disturbed with the sense of peril to his darling, it seemed to be creeping along at the speed of a stage wagon. Though his carriage swerved and staggered in the envious blast, he would often stand up, and, holding by the arm-straps, peer through the window to satisfy himself of the rate of their advance, and to try to discover how far they were. It was cold, but he was in fever-heat with anxiety and objectless rage. He had been summoned to London on a fool's errand by a telegram of which Adair, from whom it had purported to come, knew nothing; but he would have been well content to put up with the annoyance and inconvenience to which he had been subjected, could he have felt sure that nothing worse would come of it, not to him, but to another. He could not divorce himself from the apprehension that something threatened his wife in his absence; that the false summons had been dispatched for the purpose of separating them—of causing Jenny to be left alone and unprotected at Daneton. He had no suspicion of any particular person, for though he had enemies of his own—as who has not who has mixed with the world, and is worthy of the name of man?—nay, bitter enemies even, such as Paul Jones and Allardyce—Jenny, so far as he knew, had none. How could she have? Who would have the heart to harm a being so gentle and inoffensive, and yet so charitable toward even the arrogant and unfriendly? The very thought of it made him grind his teeth and clinch his hands, so that, had he had a companion on his journey, he might have been excused for thinking him mad. At times he shifted his place from side to side in the carriage, as though it were a cage, and he a wild beast, restless and half mad with his enforced confinement. At every stoppage of the train he would impatiently thrust down the window, and when the whistle sounded, and the speed was slackened through tunnels and over bridges, he cursed the caution that dictated the delay. On the branch line, where the pace was slower, and the end of the journey close at hand, his anxiety became almost insupportable, and he could hardly refrain from opening the carriage door and leaping out, as though he would have gained time *that* way. At last, however, just as the gray dawn was breaking, they reached Daneton. There was no vehicle at that early hour, but a young sailor, whose boat he had occasionally hired, was at the station to carry his portmanteau.

"All well, I hope, at the Dormers?" said Arthur, with as careless an air as he could assume, as they stepped out together briskly toward the village.

"Why, no, Sir," answered the other, reluctantly; "your good lady is not well; indeed, she has been very ill; but I was to be sure to tell you, the doctor said, that she was getting on quite as well as could be expected."

"Ill?—the doctor? Good Heavens! has she met with any accident?"

"Well, I don't know rightly, Sir; but she has had a bit of a fright."

"A fright! Who has frightened her?" asked Arthur, passionately, all his suspicions, which had given place to mere alarm at what he supposed to be an attack of indisposition, at once returning with new force.

"Oh, nobody, Sir; indeed, I should think no one would be so cruel. But being alone at the Dormers in a gale like that of last night is fit to frighten any lady, in my opinion. The wind, I've heard it said, makes more to-do in that old house than ever it makes at sea."

"But my wife is not one to be frightened at the wind, lad. You are *sure* she is getting better?"

"Quite sure, Sir; only the worst is—which I didn't like to tell you—the poor little baby-boy is dead.—Now don't take on, Sir; she really is getting bet—" But Arthur was already out of hearing, having started at full speed for home.

To think that his beloved Jenny should have been without him in her time of trouble, and when it had ended *thus*, that he should not have been nigh to comfort her, went to his very heart. He did not think of his own loss—much as he had looked forward to that promise, of which the fulfillment was not to be—but only of his wife's pain and disappointment. At the house door Mrs. Weeks was waiting for him, with woman's tenderness expressed in her rugged features.

"You have heard about it all, I see, Sir. Well, your dear wife is better; and very, very anxious to see you.—No, not that way, Sir: we have changed her room, so that we might all be nearer to her in case you should not have returned."

At the door of a bed-chamber next the little drawing-room stood the village doctor, a tall, weather-beaten old fellow, with a long skinny finger at his lips.

"Step this way, Sir, for one minute," whispered he. "Your wife has fallen asleep; and her nurse will let us know directly she awakes. In the mean time I should like a word with you."

He led the way into the drawing-room, and closed the door. Arthur followed him reluctantly enough: he longed to be with Jenny; "and yet," thought he, with that acquiescence in the medical fiat which men of his character always pay where others are concerned, though rarely in their own case, "the doctor must know best."

"Your wife has had a bad time of it in your absence, Mr. Tyndall. Something or other, or perhaps nothing—one can never tell in these cases, without knowing something of the patient—gave her a sad shock last night. She has been prematurely confined, and the child is dead, though it was not born so; I say that because it may be of importance in a legal point of view."

"But how is she *now?* How is she getting on?" broke in Arthur, impatiently.

"Charmingly—bea-u-tifully; this sleep is itself an excellent sign; but there is a complication. She has no fever to speak of; and yet she is delirious—sees things, you know. This is unusual. The question is, why does she see things?" The doctor blew out his cheeks, as though he were Rumor in some very highly colored allegorical painting, and paused for a reply.

"Sees things! What things?" inquired Arthur, in amazement.

"That is just what we want to know," said the doctor. "If it's animals, I should know how to treat her; if it's vegetables, I should know how to treat her. That is to say, if it is a wild beast, for instance, I lower the system; whereas, if it is a well-remembered landscape, I give stimulants. My own impression is, she sees wild beasts. Can you tell me?"

Arthur shook his head.

"Is she fond of exciting reading—novels with a good deal of blood and thunder in them, and so forth?"

"Certainly not."

"Um! Then the exciting cause is more immediate; the probability is that she was frightened by a rat. She is always looking up at the rafters of the room, as though expecting to see something unpleasant there. I thought it better to have her removed from the chamber where she met with this distressing disaster; but I examined it carefully, and my notion is that she saw a rat—this house is full of them—run along the top of the partition wall. I may be wrong; such is my conviction. What do you think?"

"I remember the partition wall," said Arthur, doubtfully, "and I've seen rats in the house."

"Very good: then combine your information. If I am right, she must be lowered.—That knock at the wall is from the nurse, to say your wife is awake. I have given orders that she is not to be left alone an instant night or day. Keep an eye to that yourself, Sir, for it is important. Now go and say a few words to her, while I step in next door, where, curiously enough, I have another patient, and a much worse case, in Mrs. Newton."

Though only twenty-four hours had elapsed since Arthur had parted from his wife, he found her sadly altered. She smiled upon him lovingly, but very, very feebly; and when he came and sat by her bedside, she had hardly strength to take his hand in hers. Weak as she was, the doctor had given orders that although she should on no account be questioned on the matter, if she seemed desirous to speak of what had happened on the previous night, she should be encouraged to do so. But up to that moment she had not alluded to it. All that was known of the affair was that a little before midnight a piercing scream rang through the house, apparently proceeding from her room, and that her maid and Mrs. Weeks on reaching it found the door locked on the inside. On obtaining no reply to their request for admittance, Mrs. Weeks had sent for a short ladder, used for getting on the roof from the attics, by help of which the maid had climbed over the partition wall from the dressing-room, and descended into Mrs. Tyndall's chamber. She had found her lying on the floor, close beside the table, in a faint or fit of some kind; and before the doctor could be summoned she was taken very ill, and prematurely delivered of a child that only lived a few minutes. The cause of the alarm which had brought about these unhappy results was totally unknown; but the doctor—who was a very shrewd old fellow, though much better versed in human nature than in the science of his craft—judged, as we have seen, from the direction of the patient's eyes and the terror expressed in them, that it was something in connection with the partition wall that had excited her fears. Hence it was that, under pretense of greater convenience, he had had her removed into another apartment. Even to her husband Jenny said nothing of what had frightened her; but by her nestling touch and appealing eyes it was easy to see what a comfort and protection his presence afforded her; and that even yet she lay in dread of a repetition of that something which, whether it was sound or sight, had given her a shock from which mind and body were recovering only by very slow degrees. All that Arthur knew for certain was that no rat that ever wore tail would have so terrified his brave, sensible Jenny; but somehow he could not shake off the distressing impression that some vile person—and that the same who had had a hand in summoning him by telegraph to town—had played a trick on her, with results beyond what his or her malice could, it was charitable to suppose, have looked for. With this idea fixed in his mind, he was not only a very Argus in his watch over Jenny lest any further cruelty should be attempted, but longed with eagerness for the discovery of some clew to this infamous wretch who had robbed him of offspring, and almost of wife as well; and it cost him no little effort to obey the doctor's command, and avoid questioning Jenny to this end. At last, after many days, and when Jenny was sufficiently recovered to be moved to the sofa, the doctor withdrew his veto; and taking for his opportunity a clear, cheery morning, when the sea was dimpled with smiles, and the shore aglow with sunshine, and when even the Dormers itself looked bright and home-like, he put the wished-for question: "And when are you going to tell me, my darling, what it was that frightened you that night when I left you alone so cruelly?"

For a full minute there was no reply: then shuddering, as though the terror was on her still, and clasping his hand in woful entreaty, she answered: "Don't ask me, Arthur. Never ask me that. Believe it to be a foolish fancy not worth telling, or a something too shocking and horrible to relate—but only spare me the recital of it. The very thought of it is painful and distressing to me to the last degree."

"You have said enough, dear," said Arthur, kindly, though unable to repress a little sigh. "I would not willingly give you a moment's pain."

The tears stood in Jenny's eyes. "How good and kind you are to me!" said she. "I know it is not right to have a secret from you, who, I know, have none from me. I have tried to leave you one—it was very silly of me, but it seemed as though that would be some excuse for my own silence—in never asking you what took you up to town."

"Nay, darling, but I wish to tell you that, whether you ask it or not; for on your knowing it may depend in some sort the elucidation of what has happened (I do not ask what it was), and indirectly the recovery of your health and spirits." She shook her head, with a sad smile, but let him go on. "I mean, darling, that if there is any mystery about the matter—and there is, is there not?—well, that, at least, ought to be explained. I was summoned to town by a forged telegram. Jack never sent it, nor knew any thing about it. The only object of its being sent, so far as I can see, was to get me away from you; to leave you unprotected. In my opinion, we have been the victims of some vile plot. *I* have certainly been imposed upon; and I think that you have also."

"No, Arthur, no." Again she shuddered, and hid her face, as though to shut some dreadful picture from her gaze in his faithful breast.

"Well, well, I was wrong, then; and we will say no more about it."

Greatly chagrined by this failure to extract her story, Arthur related what had passed between them to the doctor.

"That's bad," said the old fellow, thoughtfully; "that's very bad. It's not natural, and therefore very unwholesome, that any woman should have a secret all to herself. In my opinion, Mrs. Tyndall will never be what she was again till she has relieved her mind upon this subject. Now, look here, my good Sir. I am no homeopathist—Heaven forbid—but like cures like, as it begets it. Have *you* any little secret of your own which you have hitherto—for reasons that have doubtless seemed sufficient for you—kept from Mrs. Tyndall? You *have*, I see. Well, if it isn't a very damaging one—I mean not *personally* damaging (and even if it is, that excellent wife of yours would forgive you); well, take my advice, and *tell it her*. A sudden confidence is what a woman can seldom receive unmoved, and it is almost certain to produce a reciprocity. That might be unpleasant in some cases—hey?"

"No, I was not thinking of that," said Arthur, smiling in spite of himself; "but it is quite true that I have a secret of my own, never revealed except to one dear friend."

"Female?" said the doctor, sharply, with a twitch of his venerable eye.

"No; male. It is a very strange secret, and one that I should be unwilling to tell to any one."

"All the better: tell *her*, my good Sir."

"I must add, too," returned Arthur, "that its nature is sad—and indeed shocking—and I should almost fear that the revelation of it would tend to make Mrs. Tyndall even more alarmed and nervous than she is at present."

"Not a bit of it," said the doctor, confidently. "One horror drives out another, like a pellet in a popgun. Tell her."

Accordingly, some days afterward, when Jenny, though still upon the sofa, was almost well enough to "get about," Arthur found occasion to administer this mental prescription. "If this bitter weather would but change," she had been saying (for the snow had been falling fast without), "and the doctor would let me leave this place, I do think I should pick up some strength and spirits."

"But the sea air was recommended to you, my darling," reasoned Arthur, "and before you were taken ill you seemed to be delighted with Daneton."

"Ah, yes," replied she, with an involuntary sigh; then added, cheerfully, "but then we women are so changeable."

"I don't say that," said her husband, gravely. "One may like a place at one time, and not at another. Did you ever notice, for instance, how the very mention of Brussels is abhorrent to me?—a town which, for some days, I found by no means distasteful, but which subsequent events made so."

"Yes, indeed," answered Jenny, seriously enough, though not with one-half the interest she would have felt in the matter had not her mind been monopolized and overshadowed by her recent experience, from the recollection of which she could never wholly escape, "I have often remarked it, Arthur, and wondered what could have happened at a city which others deem so pleasant to make it so far otherwise to you."

"I will tell you, Jenny," said he, gravely. "At Brussels I became the victim of one of the most distressing illusions that ever man experienced. It was within a few weeks, you know, after I had lost Helen— What is the matter, darling? Do I alarm you?"

"No, no," said Jenny, hurriedly. She had raised herself upon her elbow, and was looking into his face with a mixture of anxiety and awe for which he was wholly unable to account. "Pray, pray, go on."

"Well, I am not sure that I ought to do so," said Arthur, doubtfully; "for though you are the most sensible of women when you are well and strong, and would be the first to discredit such a tale under ordinary circumstances, I scarcely like to tell it you in your present enfeebled state lest you should believe it. Still I have long felt that I ought to have no secrets from yourself, though you keep one from me."

"Tell me, Arthur; oh, do, pray, tell me!" reiterated Jenny, unconscious, in her excitement, of this allusion to her own reticence. "It can do me no harm to *hear* of any thing, believe me."

"Then she *has seen* something," thought Arthur to himself: "the doctor is right.—Well, Jenny, you must remember that though the thing I am about to speak of did make a most extraordinary impression on me, both at the time and afterward, it was but fancy after all, as Jack, who saw me at my worst, was very resolute to urge. I was alone, and in low spirits, just as *you* were when you were taken ill the other night; and at such times the mind is liable to false impressions, to confuse facts with fancies."

She nodded impatiently, but never taking her eyes off his, and he went on:

"Well, to make a long story short, at a certain masquerade which I attended—not for frolic's sake, Heaven knows, but to distract my mind, which was forever brooding upon the past—I saw the strangest vision—six weeks after she was dead and buried, Jenny—"

"I knew it; I felt it was coming," cried Jenny, with a face as white and damp as the snow upon the pane. "You saw Helen face to face; *and I have seen her too.*"

CHAPTER XL.

INEXPLICABLE.

A silence followed Jenny's terrible words. She herself—clinging to her husband's arm as though for protection against some immediate visitation of the thing she feared—seemed to have exhausted her powers of speech in that tremendous revelation; while Arthur, even in that moment of horror, was taking counsel with himself as to whether it would be for his wife's benefit to treat what she had just related as a mere delusion, or to discuss it with her soberly, as his own inclinations urged him to do.

"You don't think I am mad, dearest, do you?" inquired Jenny, timidly, and in a hushed voice.

"No, dear; no. But I do think it quite possible that at the time you saw, or thought you saw, this vision your mind was shaken and unhinged. You were alone, you know, and perhaps alarmed by the violence of the storm: some foolish story concerning the Dormers itself might have occurred to you, suggesting ideas of the supernatural—"

"Dearest Arthur," interrupted Jenny, gravely, "all this is useless. If you think it well to ignore what I, for my part, can never forget, so be it; but do not endeavor to explain it away. Not only would that be futile, but it" (here she shuddered, and once more cast around her that terror-stricken glance which always filled Arthur's heart with tenderest pity)—"it terrifies me; it seems like a sacrilegious defiance. You saw this with your own eyes, you say, or were about to say. You were so convinced of the fact that it made the very place of its occurrence abhorrent to you, and caused you, up to this hour, to seal your lips concerning it, even to me. If lapse of time and sober argument with yourself have weakened the evidence of your own senses, that is not my case; and it never, never will be! I saw your dead wife's face, Arthur, looking into mine, not three weeks ago: and though I should live for a hundred years, the recollection of what I saw will never fail nor fade! If you had not told me what you have, it would have been all the same; my conviction needed not the corroboration of your own experience. If you could prove to yourself and me to-morrow that that had been false or fanciful, it would count as nothing—nothing, so far as I am concerned. Let us, therefore, agree to be silent upon the matter altogether, from henceforth, until we ourselves have passed from this world to the other, or let us discuss it honestly and without pretense. The skepticism which with you, if I am not mistaken, is mere bravado, assumed with the intent of giving me courage, is to me rank blasphemy. I have seen Helen, and I dare not deny it."

"Let us discuss it, then, darling," said Arthur, with great tenderness, "and, as you say, honestly; which means, remember, not only the acceptance of the evidence of our own senses, but the acknowledgment of the possibility of their having been deceived."

A faint, sad smile of incredulity flitted over Jenny's pale face, but she said nothing.

"In the first place," he continued, "let me tell you what happened at the masquerade at Brussels. I was in a box, looking out on the stage, when I suddenly found myself the object of attention of a female wearing a black domino. She stood alone, at but a few yards off, and seemed to be regarding me intently. Her eyes had an angry yet eager look in them—reproachful, and yet tender: they were Helen's eyes. The recognition of them as such was complete and immediate; the mere fact of their being fixed on me would certainly not have filled me with such astonishment and awe as at once possessed me. I rose from my chair; and as I did so, she removed her mask for an instant, and revealed her features: they were Helen's features! I was as perfectly convinced that they were so as I was of my own existence; and yet Helen had then been dead and buried six weeks."

Here Arthur paused, and passed his handkerchief over his damp brow. The remembrance of the scene he had described was even now so painful and distressing that it brought back into his face the haggard, hopeless look that Jenny had seen in it when, thanks to the Adairs, she met him at the *Welcome*, and which her love and tenderness had since so softened and effaced. Her loyal heart, forgetful for the moment of the terrors that consumed it, reproached her with having compelled from his lips a relation that had so cruelly moved him.

"And what if it *were* Helen?" reasoned she. "What if I myself were dead, and came from the grave (as my love might well impel me to do) to look upon you?"

"But you would not look reproachful, Jenny, as *she* did. It is there, alas!" sighed he, "that the bitterness lies."

"But if you did not *deserve* the reproach?" argued Jenny, boldly.

"Yes, but I did," was Arthur's sorrowful reply. "I had married her when I loved another; and she knew it. I had given her cause to know it; or at least I had not taken sufficient pains to hide it from her. False at first, I did not maintain the pretense of affection, as it was my duty to do: I should have been patient, forgiving, penitent, tender, always."

"Poor Helen!" sobbed Jenny, with genuine compassion for her unhappy rival—"poor Helen!"

"Yes; she deserves your pity, Jenny, and I do not. I confess my falsehood and my fault; I admit, strange and unexampled as my punishment was, that I deserved it. I had no doubt that my dead wife came from the grave to reproach me for my coldness and deception. I took the fact for granted, until an hour ago; but now I no longer believe it; I deny it. I defy the gates of the grave to open and produce her to me! They never did; they never can!"

"Hush, hush, Arthur!" cried Jenny, in terrified tones. "What do you mean?"

"Listen, darling, and I will tell you. Heaven is just, whatever happens, or seems to happen. It does not punish the innocent for the guilty. If the spirit of my unhappy wife had been permitted to haunt *me*, there was right in it; but there is something even more impossible than that the laws of nature can be suspended—namely, that He who has the rule over all things, even departed spirits, can commit a wrong. It *was* a wrong if Helen was permitted to appear to you; and therefore she did not do so. You seemed to see her, of course, as I did. What follows, then? This: that you and I have been imposed upon by the same villain. We two have some common enemy, malignant, remorseless, capable of inhuman atrocities. If ever I meet him face to face, may Heaven have mercy on his soul!"

Arthur rose from his seat, and strode up and down the room in a state of irrepressible excitement; he was furious, and yet enjoyed a secret satisfaction in the reflection that he had a foe of flesh and blood to do battle with, with whom he would one day, for a surety, settle all accounts.

As he looked at his wife's pale, woe-worn face and thought of his dead babe, his nerves seemed turned to steel, his blood to flame; he forgot that he had never even questioned Jenny as to the details of what she had seen, so positive was he in his own mind that her senses, by cruel and willful design, had been deceived. As for Jenny, she said nothing. Her conviction of the reality of the frightful vision that had been presented to her at the Dormers was quite unshaken; but the last words of her husband, "We two have some common enemy," had had a significance for her which the speaker did not suspect. Now was the time, if ever, to tell Arthur of the existence of that document which Adair had so lately demonstrated to be a malicious forgery; but yet she hesitated to do so. The hints that he had just let fall concerning the unhappiness of his late union convinced her that these odious charges would distress him, even more than she had suspected, on account of the real basis on which they had been maliciously invented; and above all, their disclosure would necessitate Arthur's becoming acquainted with Helen's attempt on her life at the lasher—a secret which her generous nature revolted at the idea of revealing. No, she would not tell him, was her final decision; she would be loyal to her rival's memory, notwithstanding that her rancor seemed to pursue her even beyond the tomb.

"You are silent, Jenny," said Arthur, presently. "Is it possible that you fail to understand that we have both been the victims of some infamous plot? As for your own case, can you suppose that my having been summoned to London by a forged message on the very day when this trick was played upon you—that this should have happened to you, too, when, for the first time since your marriage, you were left alone and unprotected—was a mere coincidence? And if not, how is it possible that what you beheld could have been what you deem it to be? Do departed spirits send forged messages, think you, by the electric telegraph? Come, be reasonable, like your dear old self, Jenny."

These arguments of her husband, strengthened as they were by her own knowledge of the existence of the document in Adair's possession, were not without their force with Jenny. For the first time since that lonely night at the Dormers she began to believe it possible that her senses might on that occasion have been imposed upon; but this incredulity, more welcome to her as it was than was ever faith to proselyte, eluded her embrace. Allowing for all artifices, and even for a great similarity of likeness between the face presented to her on the top of the partition and that of dead Helen—a similarity demanded by Arthur's case as well as her own—she could not yet admit to herself the possibility of her having been mistaken as to the identity. It was not the mere features, the recollection of which carried conviction with it—for the face in fact was altered from what it had been during life, being thinner, paler, and more aged—but the expression of the face. For the single instant (that had seemed to last a lifetime) during which it had frowned down upon her from that strange eminence, before her senses had forsaken her, she had recognized in it precisely that same look of hate and jealousy which Helen's face had worn when she had stood beside the lasher and cried, "Then drown, you jade!" No devilish art nor cunning, no chance resemblance of features, however strong, could have reproduced *that:* and while remembering it her heart once more began to beat with haste, her limbs to tremble, and the half-dethroned terror to reassume possession of her being.

"What I have seen, Arthur, I have seen," moaned she, in hopeless tones; "and it was the face of your dead wife I saw, and no other."

"The face!" answered he, contemptuously. "Then did you not see the form? Was it floating in the air like a seraph's, or looking at you like a picture from the wall?"

"For my sake, dear Arthur, for *my* sake," pleaded Jenny, earnestly, "pray do not jest at what has cost us both so dear."

"If I seemed to jest, Jenny," said Arthur, quickly, "it was, believe me, but in bitterness. Forgive me, darling; and when you have told me exactly what you saw, this matter shall be sealed between us, never to be reopened until the day when I shall lay before you the explanation of the mystery in which it is involved. That sooner or later I shall find that explanation I feel convinced; and since what you are about to tell me may offer the means of doing so, I entreat you to conceal nothing from me."

With great reluctance, and with many a pause and shudder during the latter part of the narration, Jenny proceeded to obey him. She detailed every event of the day in question, from the moment of her quitting him at the railway station to that of her retirement to her lonely room—with the sole exception of the receipt of the letter from Adair. She described even the state of her feelings, admitting that the talk of the old market woman concerning the bad reputation of the Dormers might not have been without its effect upon her mind, and acknowledging her unusual fatigue of body and depression of spirits. She portrayed the violence of the storm, and mentioned her attendant's offer to pass the night with her as an evidence of the nervousness with which it, together with her loneliness, had affected her. She concealed nothing, in short, which seemed to make against her own view of the matter, or to strengthen Arthur's. All this, however, was but the frankness of one who has a case so strong that he can afford to concede every doubtful point to his adversary. As her story drew to its close, her every word carried with it that force which no cross-examination can shake—the force of unwilling conviction. To every question which her husband interpolated she answered briefly and without excitement; the recollection of her own experience absorbed every other emotion. She spoke of the noises in the dressing-room, and of her visiting it; of the curious circumstance of her finding the door of communication between the houses open, and of the shock that the discovery occasioned her. But as to any thought of Helen herself having occurred to her before, just in the act of extinguishing the candles, she had beheld that terrible apparition of her dead rival, she was positive that it had not done so. A sense of loneliness connected with Arthur himself might, and probably did, cause her to take that last fatal look up at the partition which separated the two rooms, but it was Absence, and not Death, that was in her mind. From that point nothing could shake her. "Above that partition wall, Arthur, I saw your dead wife's face looking down upon me as surely as I now see yours; nor while I live shall I ever, alas! forget it, far less be persuaded to the contrary."

"Very good, my darling. No one shall attempt to persuade you," rejoined Arthur, cheerfully, as he stooped down to kiss her. "In a few days we shall leave this place for good and all, and in the mean time I will write to Jack, and get him and Blanche to come and stay with us, and dispel the gloom of the Dormers."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The merits and demerits of tobacco have been discussed over and over again. Not even the frequent sight of cigar or pipe in the mouth of boys not yet in their teens can suggest any thing new. Accepting the practice of smoking as a stubborn fact, the query is seriously made whether those who indulge in it do not abuse the privileges which this free country gives. There is no law against smoking in the streets, nor, limitedly, on steamboats, or on our city cars. But how often are ladies in our crowded thoroughfares nauseated by an inveterate smoker who is walking before them, regardless that every puff is blown directly into the faces of the unfortunate beings, who often vainly attempt to pass before him. Will a thoughtful gentleman stand puffing his cigar on the front platform of a car, when the clouds of smoke roll back through open windows and door, to the annoyance and disgust of every passenger? There are rules pertaining to good manners and ordinary politeness which the truly well-bred man seldom forgets, even in public places, and when among strangers. His careful observance of the rights and comfort of others makes him at once as entirely distinct from the class of rough, ill-bred, and selfish persons who persist in doing what they please at all times, and in all places, caring not at all how many are incommoded by their conduct.

When a man has endured the trials and troubles of life for upward of a century, we would suppose he could be patient until the end, which naturally must be at hand. But not so thought a centenarian living in Illinois; he recently hung himself at the age of one hundred and three years.

Phylloxera vastatrix is the terrible name of a terrible insect which has invaded Portugal, and seriously injured the vineyards. The scourge has also appeared in certain Swiss cantons. Many remedies have been proposed, all which need the test of time.

By a recent invention an additional protection against fraud is given to the drawers of checks and drafts. A new style of colored paper, of a delicate French gray shade, is so prepared that figures once made upon it can not be erased or chemically removed without leaving a mark that would lead to immediate detection.

An ingenious Yankee—so goes the story—has just invented a large revolving machine—a scoop-net covered with lace, and put in motion by wind, water, or steam—by which he puts mosquitoes to a profitable use—these insects being big and thick where he lives. Every revolution of the net draws in an ounce of mosquitoes; these are drowned by the wonderful machine, and a ton of them when thus collected makes a splendid dressing for land, worth $45, and quickly sold.

One Dr. Birdsdahl has given to the public some startling facts. He has discovered that the disagreeable odor that hangs about the streets of our city is, in a measure, due to the putrefying paste which the industrious bill-posters unremittingly place upon billboards, dead-walls, curb-stones, and awning-posts. He has found that there are between four hundred and five hundred persons employed in the work of covering all the exposed and unprotected surfaces of the city with flour paste. In this employment each consumed daily nearly twenty liquid quarts of material, or about ten thousand liquid quarts in the aggregate. A quart of this paste, as generally used with an ordinary whitewashing brush, would cover about twelve square yards of surface, and consequently there were one hundred and twenty thousand square yards of putrescent material spread every twenty-four hours, or eight hundred and forty thousand square yards per week. This putrid mass is believed by Dr. Birdsdahl to breed disease and death to an alarming extent.

Two young Italians recently ascended Vesuvius, and boldly went within the crater. They are the first who have made the attempt since the eruption, and ten guides were scarcely sufficient to overcome the difficulties of the enterprise.

People continue the practice of kindling fires with kerosene oil and other explosive liquids. No method of making a fire is more effectual. Three persons in Brooklyn were burned to death during the month of August by this means.

It is said that our National Park in the Yellow Stone Valley has one little drawback—too many Indians. They will seriously interfere with pleasure parties, unless they take a notion to be friendly.

A singular public character has just died in Paris—a blind beggar named Martin—who for the last thirty years has been a prominent object upon the bridges and boulevards of the city. His constant occupation was carving the letters of the alphabet out of wood with a little knife. His work was done with great delicacy and much rich ornamentation, and was specially remarkable as, having been blind from birth, he had never seen a letter or any thing else. He died at the age of sixty-seven.

Twenty-five well-known and reliable citizens of Chicago have been selected to aid the city authorities in the prompt arrest, speedy trial, and sure punishment of criminals, the police and courts having proved powerless to stay the course of crime. The committee are empowered to offer rewards, engage counsel, and employ the services of special detectives whenever deemed advisable by them, and it is expected that the funds for their work will be furnished by voluntary subscriptions of the law-loving and law-abiding people of the city. Leading bankers, merchants, and business men of all kinds are engaged in this movement. Such a committee can not fail to exert a powerful influence in behalf of law and order, and in the prevention of crime.

The world-renowned violinist, Ole Bull, is intending to make a complete tour through all the Southern States during the present fall. He has had this plan in mind for a long time, but health has not until recently permitted him to make a definite arrangement.

A French journal announces that a curious document relating to the massacre of St. Bartholomew is about to be published. It is the journal of a German student, J. W. De Botzheim, who happened to be at Orleans at the time of the massacre, and who, in simple language and with minute precision, has recorded his recollections of the frightful scenes that occurred on that day. Botzheim was not only an actual witness of the massacres, but he narrowly escaped death himself on several occasions. This record of his experiences, which was lately discovered in Germany, occupies not fewer than sixty-one pages. It is in Latin. Certain words and certain characteristic phrases are, however, found here and there recorded in French. The MS. discovered is unfortunately not the original, but a copy very difficult to decipher on account of its numerous abbreviations. The Latin is rather ungrammatical, and the spelling very defective.

Rubinstein is thought to resemble portraits of Beethoven, particularly when he is performing at the piano. He is forty-one, though he looks younger. His wife was formerly maid of honor at the Russian court.

Among the incidents related of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, during his summer's stay at the Twin Mountain House, is the following, which is entirely characteristic of the man. As Mr. Beecher was standing one day in front of the hotel, dressed in any thing but ministerial style, a dandy-like gentleman drove up and asked him in a pompous tone if he would take his horse into the stable. Beecher replied that he would, and politely helped the ladies from the carriage, took the proffered twenty-five cents, and drove to the stable. The story was soon in every body's mouth, and it is unnecessary to say that the gentleman left that night.

More than forty years ago a beautiful and highly endowed young girl, named Mlle. Charton, made a triumphant début at the Odeon, in Paris. In the midst of her triumph the jealous hand of a man flung into her face some aquafortis, whereby she nearly lost her sight, and her beauty was destroyed forever. Mlle. Charton pardoned the coward, and withdrew from the stage. She sank into penury and oblivion; but two or three friends lightened the first, and showed she was not altogether forgotten. Recently this poor lady was carried to a pauper's grave, followed only by one actor.

A singular statement is made in an Auburn newspaper. A few weeks ago a gentleman who was passing through Auburn left a package of 500 temperance tracts with the chaplain of the prison for circulation among the convicts. The tracts were searchingly scrutinized by the chaplain, who found that they were written with great care, and likely to do good. They discussed the various aspects of the temperance question, and, among other things, mentioned the various drugs and poisons of which liquors are often made, giving analyses and explanations of the way they are manufactured, with a view to show how deleterious they are to health. The tracts were distributed. Soon afterward various convicts were found in an intoxicated condition. On investigation it came to light that a number of them had actually made use of the recipes in the tracts, and produced a kind of whisky, on which those in the secret had been reveling till detected. How they obtained the materials from which to make it is not stated.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep quarry-hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out, "Arrah, Pat, are ye kilt entirely? If you're dead, spake." Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying, in answer, "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spacheless."

Which are the most melancholy trees?—The weeping-willow and the pine-apple.

Why is coal the most contradictory article known to commerce?—Because, when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, it goes to the cellar.

Why is the tolling of a bell like the praying of a hypocrite?—Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

There is one thing that can always be found—and that is fault.

A Sunday-school teacher, who had almost become discouraged over the listlessness of her class, at last felt rewarded by an interesting look from a little girl. The reward was lost when the little creature touched a bracelet on her arm and asked, "Teacher, are them threaded on 'lastic?"

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship?—Because it is a little ahead of the main hatch.

If you court a young woman, and you are won and she is won, you will both be won.

Charles Lamb one afternoon, in returning from a dinner-party, took his seat in a crowded omnibus, when a stout gentleman subsequently looked in and politely asked, "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be, Sir, with the *other* passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of pie did the business for *me*."

Mr. A. G. Allen had the "pint" taken out of his name by telegraph, which made "A Gallon" of it.

A little girl, who was visiting the family of a neighbor, heard them speak of her father as a widower, and on her return home, said, "Pa, are you a widower?" "Yes, my child. Don't you know that your mother is dead?" "Why, yes, I know that mother is dead; but then you always told me you were a New Yorker."

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was. He replied.: "What you do in every thing." What was his age?—XL.

The one Species of Lion that no one is afraid of—The dandy-lion.

A little boy was sent to a store for some eggs. Before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to his mother, who asked, "Did you break any?" he replied, "No, I didn't break any, but the shells came off from some of them."

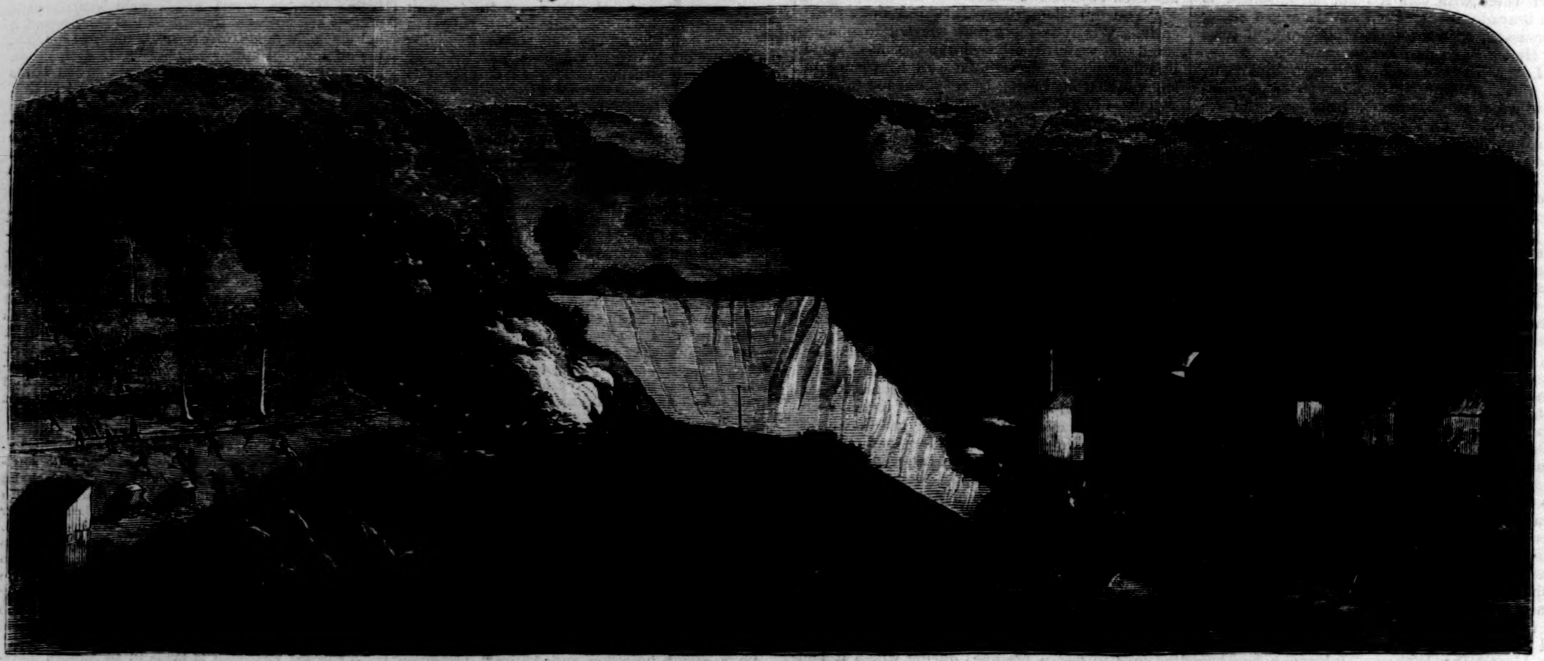
The most polished man in Maine is a Belfast gentleman, who, having the rheumatism, anointed himself all over with varnish by mistake for balsam.

It won't do to call a rich real estate operator a ground swell.

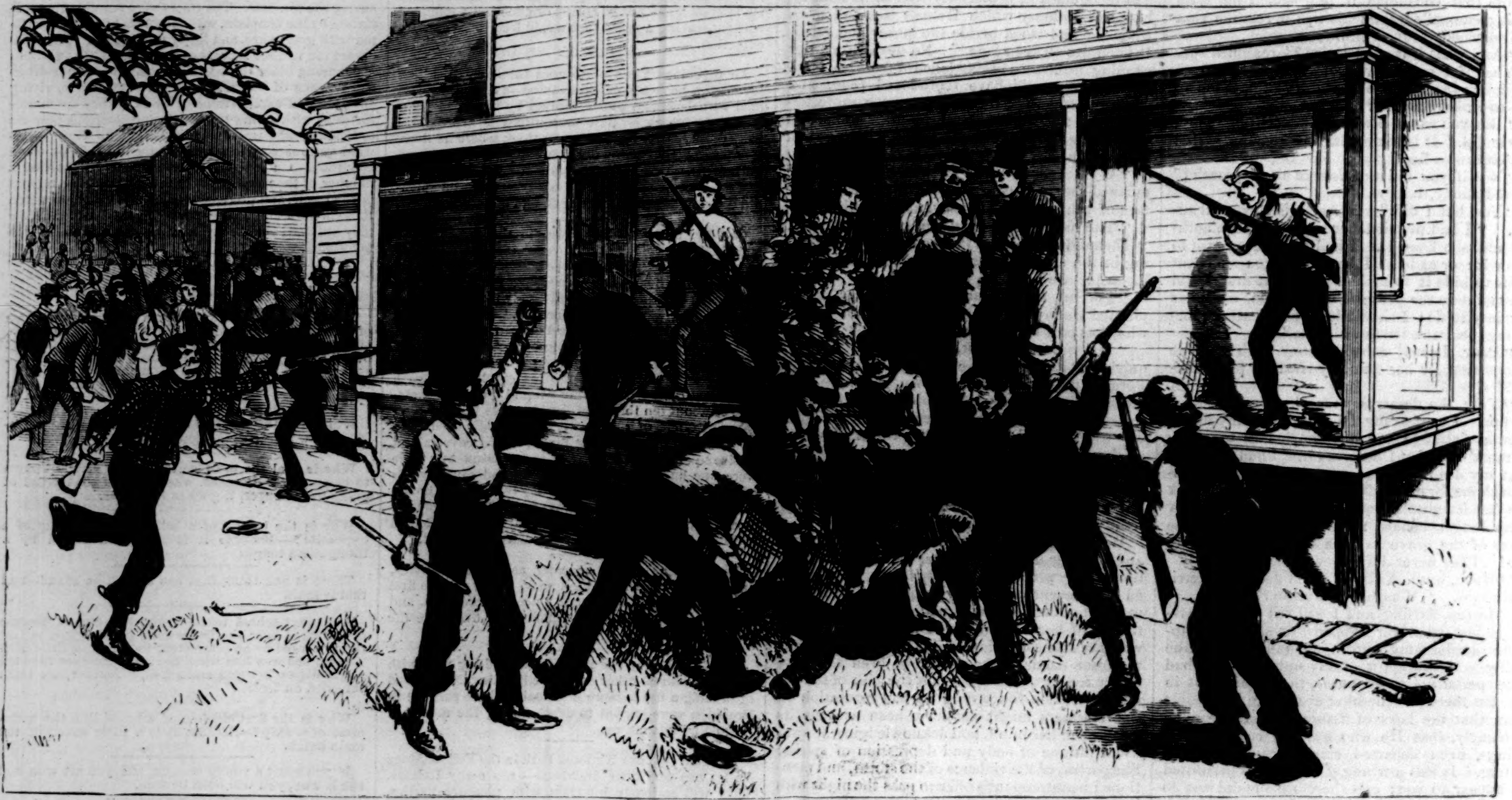
Parsing.—"John, what is the past of *see?*" "*Seen*, Sir." "No, it is *saw:* recollect that." "Yes, Sir. Then if a sea-fish swims by me, it becomes *saw*-fish when it is *past*, and can't be *seen*." "You can go home, John."

Sir Boyle Roche was deeply impressed with the sanguinary dispositions of the French revolutionists, and in advocating some measures to prevent their invading Ireland, he said to the Speaker, "Sir, if measures are not taken to keep these blood-thirsty ruffians out of Ireland, they will break into this very House and cut off our heads before our faces."

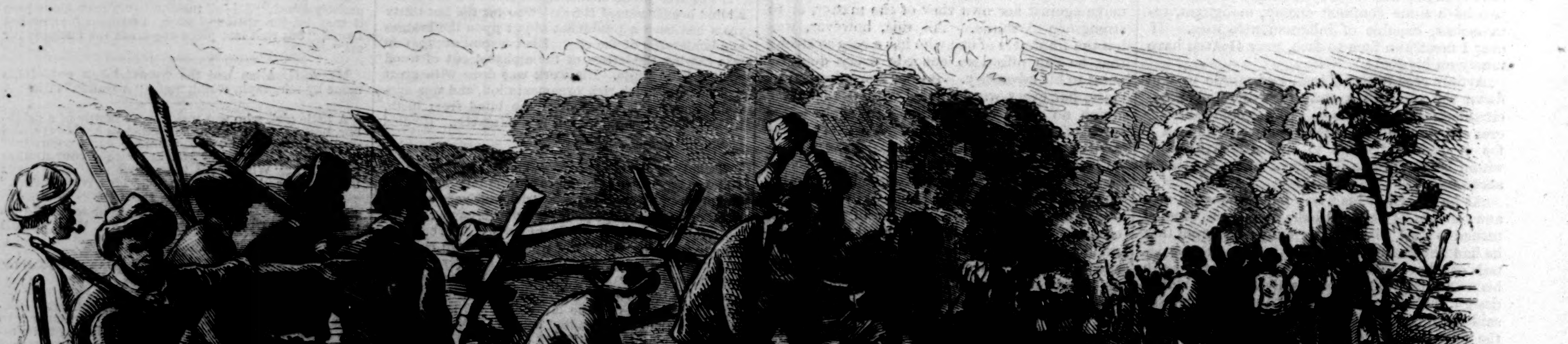
THE PATENBURG MASSACRE.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 798.]



THE SUNDAY-NIGHT ATTACK—BURNING NEGRO CABINS AT THE TUNNEL.



MURDER OF A NEGRO AT MRS. CARTER'S HOUSE.



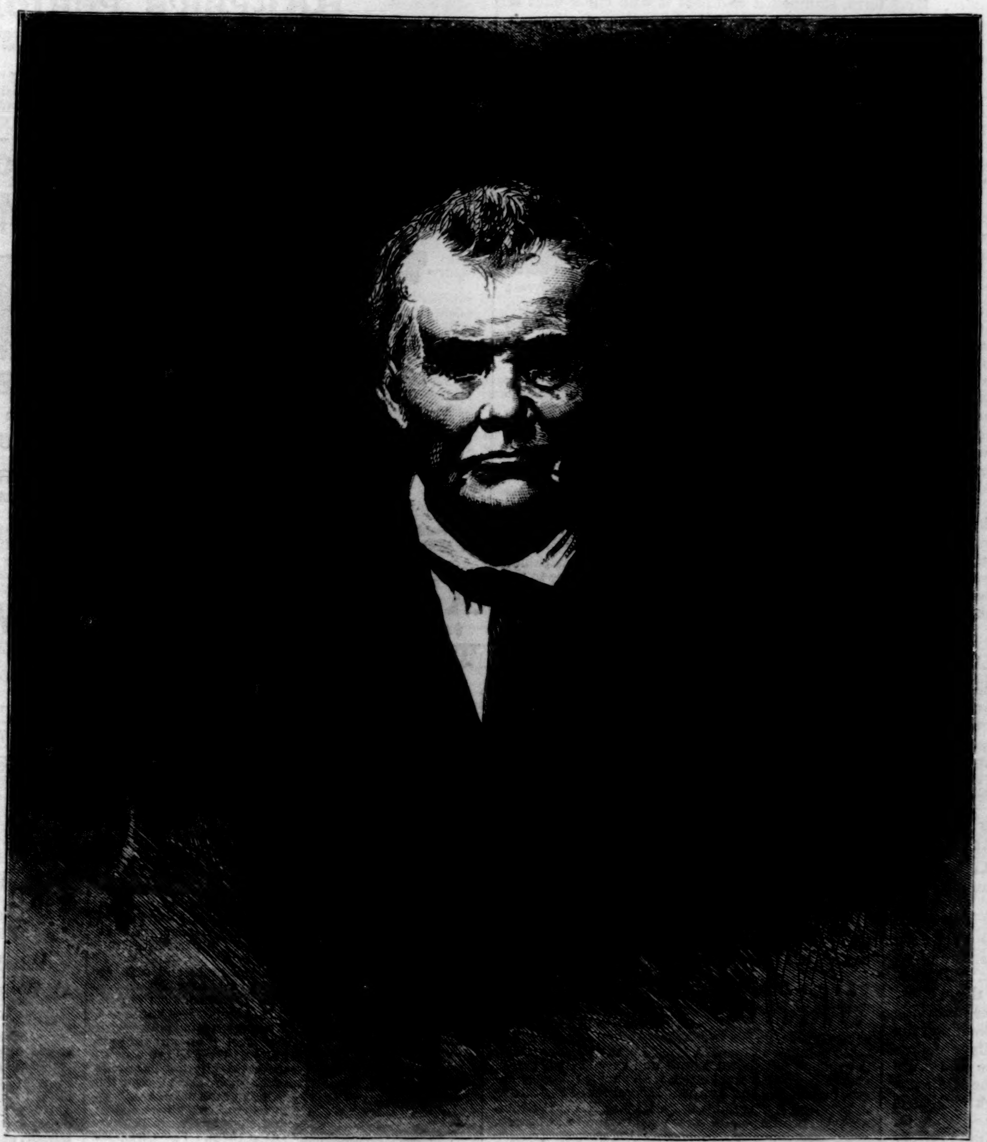
THE MURDER OF POWELL.

THE LATE REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT.

THIS venerable minister of the Gospel, whose name was loved and honored wherever known, died at Pleasant Plains, Illinois, on the 25th ult., at the advanced age of eighty-seven. His life was one of zealous labor; and his complete biography would include the history of the rise and progress of Methodism in the valley of the Mississippi, where the greater part of his career was passed.

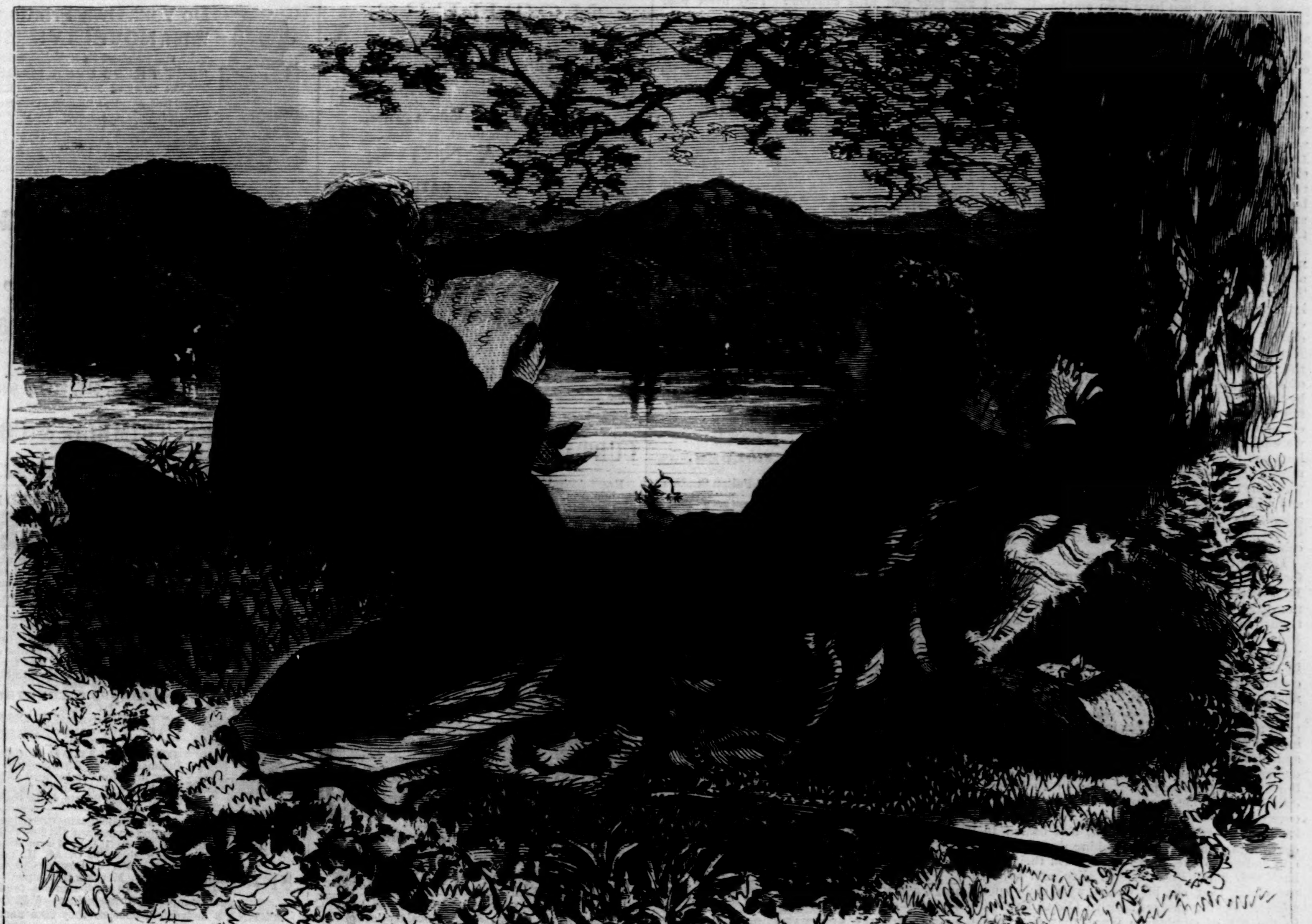
He was born September 1, 1785, in Amherst County, Virginia. His father was a soldier of the Revolution. Shortly after his birth his parents removed to Kentucky, then an unbroken wilderness, over which emigrants moved on pack-horses. Logan County, where the CARTWRIGHTS lived, was called "Rogues' Harbor." Refugees from all parts of the country fled thither to escape justice. Murderers, horse-thieves, highway robbers, and counterfeiters actually formed a majority of the inhabitants, and were able to set the laws at defiance. The honest people, under the name of Regulators, combined together and formed a vigilance committee for the execution of the laws. It was in such a desperate state of society that PETER CARTWRIGHT's boyhood was passed. "I was naturally," he says, "a wild, wicked boy, and delighted in horse-racing, card-playing, and dancing. My father restrained me but little, though my mother often talked to me, wept over me, and prayed for me, and often drew tears from my eyes; and though I often wept under preaching, and resolved to do better and seek religion, yet I broke my vows, went into young company, rode races, played cards, and danced." Gambling became his besetting sin.

About the beginning of the present century Logan County became more civilized, and in 1801 was held there the Cane Ridge Camp-meeting, the first ever held in this country—a meeting protracted for weeks, and attended by from 12,000 to 25,000 people. Preachers of all denominations were present, and between one and two thousand souls were converted. It was about this time that PETER joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.


THE LATE REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, D.D.

In May of the following year PETER CARTWRIGHT was permitted to exercise his gifts as an exhorter. In the fall his father moved down the Cumberland River into Lewiston County. Here Presiding Elder PAGE gave PETER authority to travel through that destitute region, hold meetings, organize classes, and, in a word, to form a circuit. Considering his education defective, he entered the best school to be found in the neighborhood, where he staid for a short time, and then went into the active work of the ministry. In 1806 he was ordained a deacon by Bishop ASBURY. He was married to FRANCES GAINES August 18, 1808, and in the following October was ordained an elder by Bishop M'KENDREE. In 1813 he was appointed by Bishop ASBURY presiding elder of the Green River District, in Tennessee. From that time the Rev. PETER CARTWRIGHT lived and wrought in the West with characteristic energy, and his labors were attended with memorable success. "I have lived," he says, in his autobiography, "to see this vast Western wilderness rise and improve and become wealthy without a parallel in the history of the world; I have outlived every member of my father's family; I have outlived every member of the class I joined in 1800; I have outlived every member of the Western Conference in 1804, save one or two; I have outlived every member of the first General Conference that I was elected to, in Baltimore, in 1816, save five or six; I have outlived all my early bishops; I have outlived every presiding elder that I ever had when on circuits; and I have outlived hundreds and thousands of my contemporary ministers and members, as well as juniors, and still linger on the mortal shores. Though all these have died, they shall live again, and by the grace of God I shall live with them in heaven forever."

In a lecture delivered at Chicago a few years ago he said of himself that he was living beyond his time. He had not a father, mother, brother, or sister living. His life had been one of hardship; he had known many crosses; but if he were to live his life over again, he would be a Methodist traveling preacher. Few men in the Church have had greater opportunities for usefulness, or improved them with


ENGAGED FOR MONEY.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 791.]

more zeal for the highest good of humanity. By nature independent and sturdily aggressive, he was eminently fitted to the field of labor in which his life was passed; and these characteristics, no less than his natural kindliness of heart, gave him great influence over men. A single incident will show the fearless side of his character. During the Nashville Conference of 1818 General JACKSON entered the church one day while CARTWRIGHT was preaching. The regular pastor of the church, who was also in the pulpit, pulled the preacher by the coat, and said, in a rather loud whisper, "General JACKSON has come in; General JACKSON has come in." "I felt," says CARTWRIGHT, "a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General JACKSON? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!'" The city pastor, shocked and frightened, hastened the next day to apologize to the general for CARTWRIGHT's rudeness; but JACKSON, like the man he was, declared CARTWRIGHT to be a man after his own heart, adding that if he had a well-drilled army, with a few thousand such fearless and independent men as CARTWRIGHT for officers, he "could take old England!"

A presiding elder for more than half a century, PETER CARTWRIGHT spent a long and useful life in the service of his fellow-men, and has at last gone to the grave full of years, and followed by those benedictions which are the highest honors that can be paid to one's memory.

THE PATENBURG MASSACRE.

AN obscure settlement called Patenburg, on the Muthockaway Creek, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, has just been the scene of an outrage which, although of less extent, recalls by its unprovoked atrocity the New Orleans riots of 1866, and the draft riots in our own city. Full illustrations of the scenes and incidents of the outrage are given on page 796. The facts, briefly stated, were as follows:

In the neighborhood of Patenburg the railroad now building from Easton to Perth Amboy is to run through the Musconetcong Mountain by a tunnel which will be a mile in length. Work is in progress in this tunnel at both ends. The approach to the tunnel from the east is by a deep cut, on which large gangs of laborers are now employed, some white and others black. The negroes work in gangs separate from the whites, and were quartered in log-houses on the south side of the cut, the quarters of the whites being on the opposite side. Immediately at the village of Patenburg, half a mile from the tunnel, the road skirts a mill-pond formed by a dam across the Muthockaway Creek. Here some heavy rock cutting is required to be done, and other gangs of laborers, all whites, are employed. About a mile further east, on the farm of a Mrs. CARTER, there is some heavy earth-work in progress, upon which several gangs of colored men have been employed, who were quartered in shanties in that vicinity. In all there were about one hundred and fifty negroes and between two and three hundred white laborers, mostly Irish, employed about the tunnel.

On Saturday, September 21, the laborers were paid off, and, retiring to their respective quarters, spent the evening in great jollity. The white laborers appear to have drank a good deal of whisky; whether the negroes did is not known. Late in the evening a party of the latter went to the village on a serenading expedition, and on their return fell in with a party of Irish laborers, by whom they were violently assaulted. They succeeded in driving off their assailants, and retired to their own quarters.

The negroes immediately collected reinforcements, and, to the number of fifteen or twenty, advanced toward the scene of the first conflict. They were met near the same spot by a still larger party of Irishmen, armed with pistols and clubs, and, after a sharp fight, were discomfited, cut off from their quarters, and forced back to Mrs. CARTER's farm. Here they obtained further help, and then endeavored to save the cabins of the first party, which had been already attacked by their assailants. The Irish, better armed and more numerous, fired upon them across a deep cut and drove them off. The abandoned cabins were pillaged, and the money which the poor fellows had received the day before, and which was mostly deposited in sachels left in the quarters, was stolen. The Irishmen then fired the cabins, and immediately got into a row among themselves, during which one of their number, named COLLS, was killed, and his body left near the cabins.

During the night the Irishmen collected reinforcements, and next morning renewed the fight. By spreading the report that COLLS had been murdered by the negroes, they roused their countrymen to the utmost frenzy, and a party of about 150 made an attack on the negroes on Mrs. CARTER's farm just at daybreak. Roused from sleep by the firing, the poor fellows fled in terror and confusion, closely pursued by the infuriated Irishmen. One of the negroes, DENIS POWELL, was shot, and left dying by the road. A portion of the fugitives sought refuge in the out-buildings around Mrs. CARTER's house, under the porch, and elsewhere about the premises. The Irish demanded admission to the house, and when the brave woman refused, they beat in the door. Just at that moment a poor old negro was discovered crouching under the porch. He was immediately shot, dragged out, and beaten to death with clubs. After searching the premises, and finding no one, they retired. On their way back they found POWELL still alive, and falling upon him, beat out his brains with clubs and stones. Spying another fugitive, OSCAR BRUCE, in the act of climbing a fence, they shot him down, and then, jumping upon his prostrate form, stamped it and beat it with clubs until it was unrecognizable as the remains of a human being.

This murder ended the bloody work. The butchers withdrew to their quarters and disbanded. The leaders of the mob fled. To the disgrace of New Jersey, no determined effort was made by the authorities to arrest and punish the perpetrators of these horrible outrages. Inquests were held on the bodies of the murdered men; but the magistrates appear to be afraid to move vigorously, and the murderers are not only still at liberty, but seem likely to remain so. The Irish openly defy the sheriff, who dare not make his appearance among them. Five days after the massacre Governor PARKER offered the paltry sum of $500 reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderers, but meanwhile the opportunity passed. As *three colored fugitives* from the massacre have been arrested, while the main body of their assailants remain at large, it is reasonable to conclude that nothing but the pressure of public opinion will compel the authorities of New Jersey to do any thing toward bringing to justice the authors of this horrible outrage.

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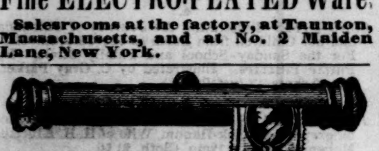

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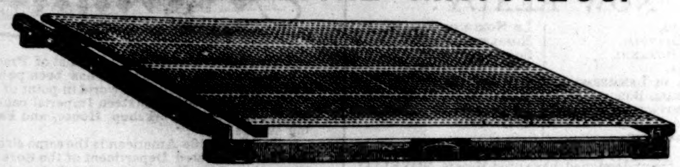

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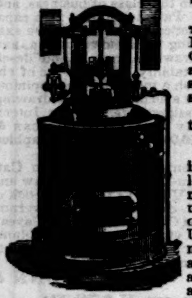

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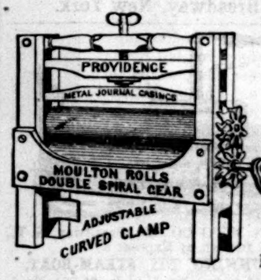

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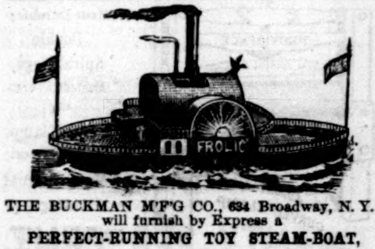

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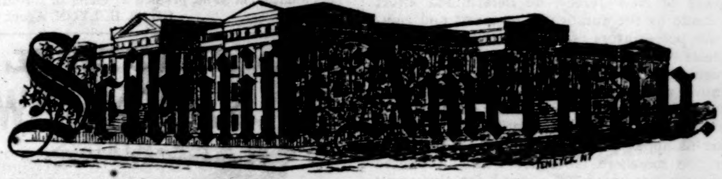

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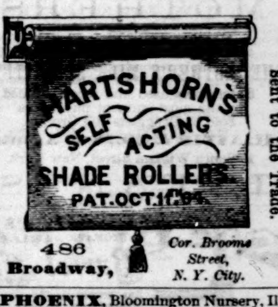

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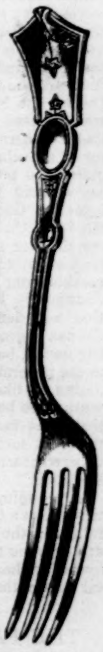

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